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THE

PLEASURES OF RELIGION:

AND

OTHER POEMS.

“Scribimus indocti, doctique poemata passim.”—*Hor.*

BY CHARLES CONSTANTINE PISE, D.D.

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TO WASHINGTON IRVING, ESQ.

SIR:—

In dedicating to you this volume of Poems, the honour is all my own. Your association with the most distinguished writers of the age, and the intrinsic merit and beauty of your own productions, rank you first among the literary personages of our country. May I, then, trust, that some small ray from the bright halo which encircles your renown, may fall upon the obscure name of,

Dear Sir,

Your humble servant,

THE AUTHOR.



TO WASHINGTON IRVING.

I.

IRVING, if aught my muse can bring
From fancy's sunny bowers,
Where, sometimes, borne on wayward wing,
She roams in quest of flowers :
If aught *my* muse can cull, might be
A worthy offering for thee :

II.

Accept this little wreath of song,
Of various wild-flowers made ;
Collected as she played along
The windings of the glade :
And interwoven here and there,
Myrtle and olive will appear.

III.

And, as she weaves them on thy brows,
In thy own native groves,
Her sisters, 'neath their fragrant boughs
Shall hymn thee, and the Loves

Weaving their airy ring around,
Shall dance in symphony to the sound.

IV.

Yea, thou art welcome, wanderer,
Thrice welcome to thy home :
Thy country thou dost *still* prefer ;
Then rest thee, cease to roam.
“Sketch” homebred scenes, new “conquests” make,
And deign this wreath of verse to take.

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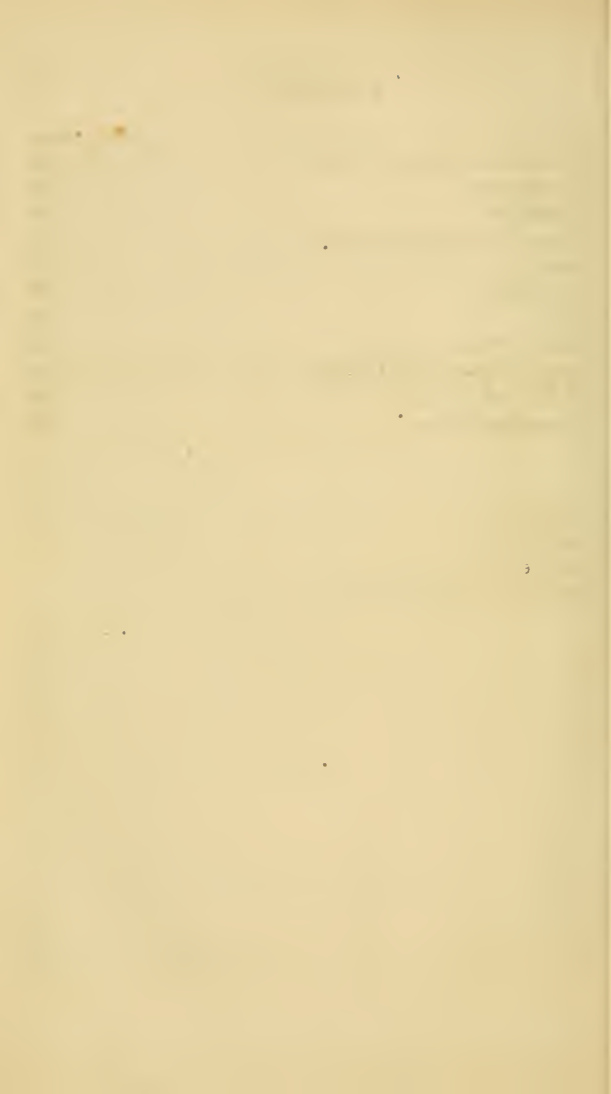
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THE PLEASURES OF RELIGION.

“La Religione è un istinto insuperabile, ed invitto. La Religione è un legame indissolubile e eterno. La Religione è il cemento dell’alleanza sociale. La Religione è il primiero de nostri umani bisogni.”—*Da Lojano.*

THE
PLEASURES OF RELIGION.

I.

MARK, o'er yon wild, as melts the storm away,
The rainbow tints their various hues display ;
Beauteous, tho' faint, tho' deeply shaded, bright,
They span the clearing heav'ns, and charm the sight.
Yes, as I gaze, methinks I view the while,
Hope's radiant form, and Mercy's genial smile.
Who doth not see, in that sweet bow of heaven,
Circling around the twilight hills of even,
Religion's light, which o'er the wilds of life
Shoots its pure rays through misery and strife ;
Soothes the lone bosom, as it pines in woe,
And turns to heaven this barren world below? (1)

II.

Oh ! what were man, did not her hallowed ray,
Disperse the clouds that thicken on his way !
A weary pilgrim, left in cheerless gloom
To grope his midnight journey to the tomb ;
His life a tempest, death a wreck forlorn,
In sorrow dying, as in sorrow born.
But thy meek beam, Religion, o'er his march
Diffuses comfort, like that lovely arch ;
Life's desert smiles, the solitude looks gay,
Peace, joy, and virtue hover round his way.

III.

Say, what could soothe man's pilgrim heart below,
And lull to peace the heavy throb of woe ?
Say, what could smooth the furrowed brow of care,
Wipe from the cheek the melancholy tear ;
Teach lowly man to lift his head on high,
Feel no content but in his kindred sky,
To soar o'er vulgar things, o'er transient bliss,
And own no pleasure in a world like this ?
What, save Religion ! hers alone the charm
To light the darkest heart, the coldest warm.

IV.

Man, 'mid the shades of Eden's holy bowers,
Spent, in primeval innocence, his hours.

Whate'er was bright and beauteous smiled around,
Young flowers and herbage strewed the enamelled
ground ;

From every twig the birds' soft pæan rung,
And streamlets murmur'd as the warblers sung ;
Beasts, reptiles, nature, own'd their master's nod,
Man moved, in paradise, a little God.

V.

But ah ! the tempter from the clustering leaves,
A snare of death insidiously weaves.
Driven a dark rebel from his native skies, (2)
He views more favoured man with jealous eyes,
And as frail Eve along the bowers strays,
“Mark yon fair tree” the wily tempter says,
“The fruit is knowledge, life, and bliss divine ;
Taste, and that knowledge, life, and bliss are thine.”
Forthwith she pluck'd, the dark seducer smiled,
Eve was defeated, and the man beguiled.

VI.

All Eden withered : where the flower was gay
The gloomy thorn and thistle choked the way.
No voice around the twilight bower is heard,
The Zephyr's music, or the singing bird ;
No more at lovely morn, or peaceful even,
They hold sweet converse with familiar heaven.

Driven from their home, the seraph sword shall burn
At Eden's entrance, and forbid return.

VII.

When peace and innocence forsook the heart,
Say, did Religion from the world depart?
Tho' with the hapless exile guilt abide,
Still, still Religion lingers by his side ;
Cheers his lone bosom, lights his devious path,
And shields the victim from the arm of wrath.

VIII.

Yes, on the misty hills of life sublime
She lights her beacon in the waste of time ;
That the lone pilgrim, as he journeys by,
May find the path that leads him to the sky.

IX.

See the poor man beneath his lowly shed,
Which feels the storm and trembles o'er his head ;
Sunk in the forest, 'midst its wilds and gloom,
And tho' alive, already in the tomb.
Unknown to man, to sharp disease a prey,
Without a hand to wipe his tears away.
There in his cottage, as he pines in grief,
Say, what will soothe his soul, inspire relief?
The world forsakes him, and proud man disdains

To own his brother, and relieve his pains.
The thing called pleasure never knew his door,
He found no sympathy, for he was *poor*.
But 'midst his solitude, and 'midst his tears,
Thy gentle form, Religion, still appears.
Close by his bed, with sympathetic eye,
She views each tear and counts each lonely sigh;
Lays her pure hand upon his beating breast,
Bids him be comforted, and sink to rest.
Then her blest taper burns before his face,
The evil spirits fly the holy place;
"My son," she says, "thy stormy day is o'er,
Thou hast been wretched, and thou hast been poor.
But from thy cot when earthly comfort fled,
I kept my vigils round thy lonely head;
Heard every prayer thou sigh'dst from morn to
even,
And guardian angels wrote them down in heaven."
Then as the stream of life ebbs faint and low,
The heart beats coldly, and the pulse beats slow,
Fast to his faded lips the cross she plies,
The good man kisses, looks to heaven, and dies.

X.

Who doth not know, full many a one may tell,
What ills and miseries around us dwell.
Go to that mansion, where disease and pain

Look for relief, but look for it in vain—
Where all they find is pity for their state,
And a long lingering of their evil fate.
One in his corner pants his life away,
One to consumption pines a withering prey.
The hungry cancer yon soft breast devours,
This youth, self-minded, frets the languid hours.
All are forlorn ; the sunk and pallid eye,
The hollow groan, the deep, heart broken sigh,
The haggard air, the melancholy cheek,
All, all, their woes pathetically speak.

XI.

Oh ! what can hush the bursting sob, inspire
The heart with peace, or quench its wasting fire !
Talk not of pleasure on the opening grave,
The world had promised it, but never gave—
Speak not of honour, for the pageant thing
Will leave the heart when it is withering—
Speak not of wealth, its visionary glare
Can have no loveliness for wan despair.
Beauty's frail flower, which bloomed awhile ago,
Hath drooped and faded, in this hour of woe.
Is nought then left the sinking heart to cheer?
Ah ! yes, Religion fondly lingers here,
From couch to couch the sign of peace she bears,

Kneels down at each, and sighs to heaven her prayers—

Pours her elysium balm in every wound,
And sheds the odour of content around—
Comforts each spirit as it takes its flight,
Leaves o'er the grave her torch's heav'nly light,
And bids the pilgrim, as he wanders by,
Look on that grave, and living, learn to die.

XII.

The ardent youth whose heart beats high for fame,
Unsheathes his sword, resolved to win a name.
Forth to the embattled field he marches proud,
And towers with hope above the warrior crowd.
As far away appear his country's foes,
His bosom throbs, his eye impatient glows;
Then, as the trumpet rings the alarum sound,
He leaps to battle, hews the ranks around,
Lays each bold rival on the ensanguined plain,
Wearied he sinks ; soon rushes out again :
Determined not to live, or to be free,
He grasps the laurel wreath of victory.
Alas ! that wreath scarce twined his brow around
A sudden shot prostrates him to the ground.
His blood streams smoking on the fatal plain,
And the young hero writhes in gory pain.
The spell is broke : the thing he bleeds to save

Hath not the charm to free him from the grave.
Cold is the arm that nerved with strength and power,
Dealt round destruction in the battle hour.
The plume hath drooped that smiled in glory's ray,
And all his dreams of valour melt away.

XIII.

Say, fallen warrior, whither wilt thou turn?
The friends who lately cringed around thee, spurn;
Fame's empty visions fade before the tomb,
Quench'd is its light, and all around is gloom.

XIV.

Still there is bliss; a guardian spirit nigh
Bids thee, while earth is sinking from thine eye,
Lift to thy native heaven thy view sublime
And know, that man is not the child of time.
Wealth, greatness, fame, may lure the heart astray,
But at this hour their visions melt away.
Ah, then! nought that an empty world bestows
Can soothe thy sorrows or assuage thy woes.
Turn from the field and rampant battle's roar,
Where many a one has fallen to rise no more,
Turn thy faint eye to yon ethereal spheres,
Where endless bliss repays the good man's tears;
Sigh for the past, with hope the future see,
And heaven, my son, is open still to thee.

XV.

Such the sweet comfort which she loves to impart
E'en as life's current freezes round the heart.
"Ah! I have fallen!" the dying hero says,
And with cold lips, but fervent bosom prays.
"All was a gay illusion of this earth,
Which cheats the reckless pilgrim from his birth;
Lures him to ruin; then it sinks in gloom,
And leaves him at the entrance of the tomb."
He pauses; drops a sorrowing tear and dies:
Thy seraph hands, Religion, close his eyes.

XVI.

When Europe's master, by the whirlwind shock
Of Britain's vengeance, fixed upon his rock,
Heaved to the sullen wave the deepening groan,
Subdued, enslaved, unheeded and alone,
Say, what could pluck the dagger from his heart;
Or what could blunt, Remorse, thy withering dart,
When o'er the woes of Russia's reddened plain
His sickened memory paused? The thousand slain
Started in spectral horror to his mind,
And left an anguish, seldom felt, behind.
Ah! mad ambition! why, to slake thy lust
Of blood and carnage, level in the dust
Whate'er thy desperate daring might oppose?
Why plunge a nation into grief and woes?

The shrieks of millions on that field of blood,
Where now a waste, fair Moscow lately stood,
And widows sad, and houseless orphans say
The dire disasters of that bloody day.

XVII.

With such a weight of anguish on his soul
What could his wasting agonies control?
Smitten at length, he owns ambition vain,
Writhes in his fetters, feels himself a *man*.
Yes, like his brother pilgrim of a day,
To sorrow, anguish, and remorse a prey,
Stretched on the dreary couch a withered thing
The skeleton of what was called a king!
There to St. Hel'n he owns his mortal birth
And darkly crumbles to his native earth.
E'en he, forsaken by the world he swayed,
Left to his conscience, trembling and dismayed,
Invokes Religion as the world retires,
Confesses all her power—and expires. (3)

XVIII.

The sea is bright, the summer's fragrant gale
Invites the mariner to spread the sail,
The streamers fly; exulting from the shore
He goes in triumph to return no more.
When far from land the ocean still is gay,

Around the vessel genial zephyrs play,
The sun fades beautifully on the sight,
And leaves the horizon in a stream of light;
Then smiles the evening: calm as paradise
The twilight waters lengthen to the eyes.
The moon is up; the stars begin to peep,
The hour is magic o'er the distant deep.
But as the watchman marks, with midnight tread,
The deeps below, the heavens above his head,
The moon is darkened; and the stars that shone,
No longer light him in his vigils lone;
Full soon he hears the coming storm afar,
Shrieks the shrill notice to each brother tar,
All hands are up: then mourns the tempest nigh
And surges answer to the sailor's cry.
Too late alas! the breakers dash around,
The luckless vessel rushes towards the ground;
No art, no power, her stormy course can check,
She strikes, she sinks, a melancholy wreck.

XIX.

Oh! as the surges o'er the ruin sweep,
Say what can soothe the spirit of the deep?
What in that hour, when in the ocean wave
The helpless sailor finds a boundless grave,
What, as he sinks, beneath the tempest hurled,
Can cheer his passage to the other world?

XX.

Sweet guardian spirit, e'en at that dark hour
We feel thy comfort and confess thy power.
She bids the wave-worn sailor, as his mind
Lingers, in death, on fond ones far behind,
Think on that country where no storms can blow;
He strikes his breast, and calmly sinks below.

XXI.

Yes, yes, Religion ! on the trackless deep
Thy spirit lulls the throbbing heart asleep,
Where'er heaven favoured man is doomed to stray,
Thou smilest on his solitary way.
Though winds should drive him on some barren isle,
He there may kindle up his fire and smile.
What though amid the alpine snows sublime,
Or Chimboraso's viewless height he climb,
Or bend his weary way through Syria's sands,
Or where rough Caucasus o'erlooks the lands,
Where e'er he strays, or lingers, by his side
Religion watches, his celestial guide.

XXII.

Lo ! at the hearth where sympathetic glows
The flame, unconscious of the wind that blows,
His cheek reflecting all the social joy,
Close to his mother clings her darling boy ;

There, as the snow flake drifts against the door,
And freezing blasts around their windows roar,
Upon his cheek she looks with kindling eyes;
And, "O my son," half sad, half smiling, sighs:
"Pity the poor man, who on this bleak night,
Without a fire to warm him, or to light,
Flings on the straw his melancholy form
And almost freezes in the pelting storm,
Pity the babe (whose bosom would not feel)
Upon whose cheek the little tears congeal.
And tho' in rags, the grieving mother wrap
Her crying babe, and press him on her lap,
And though one smoky faggot lingers on,
All, all, is cold and wretchedness my son;
Learn with such woes to mix thy sympathies,
And thou more blest be grateful to the skies.
For ah ! should coldness for a sufferer's woes
Freeze the warm current which from virtue flows;
Thou too, my child, from every comfort driven,
Mayest one day pine beneath a pinching heaven.
Let virtue guide thee, and her smile shall cheer
The darksome labyrinth of life's career.
When round thee flowers are blossoming and gay,
And Pleasure winnows fragrance o'er thy way,
Think that those gay flowers ('tis man's common
doom)
Shall strew their faded leaves upon thy tomb.

Keep this first duty on thy mind imprest,
'Fear God, my child, and thou shalt be at rest.' (4)
The child of virtue looks with eye serene
On all the shiftings of life's transient scene:
Is calm in grief; in fortune's fickle hour,
Sits not contented in the summer bower.
Marks with mistrustful eye the pageant ray,
And sees it dance awhile, and fade away,
Yes, be we great, my son, or be we poor,
Soon all that is, for us, shall be no more."

XXIII.

Thus, while the coals are brightening on the hearth,
And all within is comfort, calm, and mirth,
Such tender themes the mother's care employ,
Who charms to piety her listening boy.

XXIV.

Think you, as there the moral wreath she weaves,
No seraph hand supplies the mystic leaves.
Ah yes, Religion, watchful spirit, there,
Whispers instruction to the mother's ear,
And though through all the boundless world she
 roam,
The virtuous family she makes her home.

XXV.

Hark to the chant that swells thro' yonder vale,
The notes are wafted on the sighing gale.
Sweet plaintive music ! Oh it melts the heart,
Devotion wakes and tears unbidden start :
There as the dawn breaks o'er the calm abode,
Congenial voices sing the praise of God,
The rural altar neatly hung in white,
The waxen tapers glimmering to the sight,
The incense wafting fragrance round the place,
And fervour's smile that lights up every face,
Lift high the raptured soul o'er earthly things,
And give Devotion more than seraph wings.

XXVI.

Is there a heart, where feeling's tender throb,
Strikes the consenting breast, and wakes the sob
Which as it lingers in a scene like this,
Would not anticipate Elysian bliss?

XXVII.

Say thou, whose God was nature's scene sublime,
Whose hopes contracted in the span of time,
Say couldst thou near the rustic chapel stray,
And feel no instinct there to kneel and pray?
When musing on, in evening solitude,
Thou heard'st the chorus bursting from the wood,

Approach'dst the humble shrine, survey'dst the
throng

Of swains commingling in their vesper song:
Stern Reason yielding to the ecstatic hour,
Thou own'dst Religion's talismanic power. (5)

XXVIII.

Charmed by her spirit see the desert blooms,
And light is shining in the deepest glooms,
From gilded thrones consenting courtiers fly, (6)
And live in solitude to learn to die.

See in the cavern formed by nature wild,
Paul makes his peaceful home, Religion's child;
Beneath his palm, whose lonely branches spread
A bower of Eden o'er the hermit's head,
Sweet purls the stream; and oft at evening's hour
The raven lighting on his dewy bower,
Brings in his conscious beak the hallowed food,
Then wings his arduous flight beyond the wood.
Hark! through the palm leaves sigh the desert air,
And waft to favouring heaven the hermit's prayer;
What reck's the saint of danger, when afar
The brazen trumpet peals the note of war?
When Rome's proud eagles screaming soar on high
Amid barbarian darts that gloom the sky;
When plunder ravages or carnage slays,
Remote and calm the solitary prays,

Heeds not the dreadful crash of tumbling thrones,
Nor hears a nation's unavailing groans.
But still, for all, prolongs his midnight prayer,
O Heaven have mercy and thy people spare ! (7)

XXIX.

On Huron's banks, where mingled moonbeams
sleep,
Why stares the Indian on the watery deep?
Behind him smokes the lurid funeral fire,
Where war's dark victims madden and expire,
Their ghosts he deems are shrieking in the flood,
He grasps his tomahawk, and pants for blood.
Starts like one smitten from his vengeful trance,
Shrieks the dread war-song, beats the murderous
dance,
Kneels to his God : and by his reeking knife,
Swears to avenge his wrongs, or lose his life.

XXX.

But as he starts, with horror in his eye,
The saintly missionary passes by, (8)
Upon his breast the holy cross is hung,
And at his side the simple beads are strung,
Back from the cabin, where some sufferer lay,
He homeward plods his solitary way.
“And whither hurrieth out the warrior now,

With dreadful tomahawk and frowning brow :
Pause chief," he says : "if vengeance mark thy path,
Heaven sends me hither to assuage thy wrath,
The spirit shining in yon starry sky
Wills, that thou lay the bow and arrow by—
He lights thy cabin, plants thy spreading wood,
Sends thee thy deer, and gives thee all thy food,
He bids the waters roll along and roar,
And sheds this moonlight on thy desert shore."
"To that great spirit I will scalp my foes,"
Returns the Indian as his bosom glows.

XXXI.

"He loves not blood," the saintly man replies,
"He takes no pleasure in the dying's sighs—
He guards his friends, his foes he does not strike,
His showers and sunbeams fall on all alike."
The chief relents; tears moisten his bold face,
He clasps the father in a warm embrace.

XXXII.

Know ye what melts the Indian's savage heart,
Unstrings his bow, and blunts his poisoned dart?
Oh ! even there, amid his trackless wild,
The mercy-halo of Religion smiled ;
There oft her canticle is heard to break,
And echo sings it to the listening lake,

Charmed by her voice the softened Indian keeps
His midnight vigils at her shrine and weeps,
Forsakes his woods, his savage God foregoes,
And all the blessings of the Christian knows. (9)

XXXIII.

She in the fierce barbarian mercy breathes, (10)
And peaceful chaplets round his brow enwreathes;
Hangs up the sword, unyokes the fiery car,
And checks the headlong ravages of war.
Lo! at her nod the Roman eagle dies,
And see the holy Labarum arise! (11)
The fanes are closed; and at Religion's shrine
A suppliant kneels, imperial Constantine.

XXXIV.

Spouse of the good Clotilda thou may'st tell,
For thou hast felt Religion's potent spell.
"Bend to the Christian's mighty God" she said
"Bend, fierce Sicambrian, thy haughty head!" (12)
The hardy Frank, dissolved, returned his sword,
Knelt, stretched his hand to Heaven, and adored.

XXXV.

Oh! what, like Thou, can chase despair away,
Bid peace and comfort round the bosom play,

Make life an Eden, death an angel's sleep, (13)
Embalm our tears, console us while we weep?

XXXVI.

Say when some bosom friend hath ceased to be,
And his dear ashes rest beneath the tree :
Say when thou redest, pensive and alone,
His name, by sorrow carved upon the stone ;
Here lies a youth ; no matter what his name,
He *was*, young pilgrim ; thou shalt be the same.
Drop o'er his dust no melancholy tear,
But kneel and for his spirit sigh a prayer,
For time shall be, when thou, in worlds more bright,
Shall meet thy brother ; and till then, *good night*.

XXXVII.

Sleep, gentle spirit, in Religion's arms ;
For me thy lonely grave has no alarms.
Around thy slumbers guardian saints attend,
And hope's meek torch is burning o'er my friend.

XXXVIII.

When peals the signal for the world's decay,
The mountains smoke, and nature melts away ;
Then shall Religion, 'mid the spreading gloom
Descend all radiant, in thy hallowed tomb,

Call thee by name, awake thee from thy rest,
Smile on thy cheek, and clasp thee to her breast.
Then as the world's last agonies increase,
She'll waft her favourite to the realms of peace.

NOTES

TO

THE PLEASURES OF RELIGION.

(1) “Chose admirable !” exclaims Montesquieu, “la Religion chrétienne qui semble avoir d’objet que la félicité de l’autre vie, fait encore notre bonheur dans celle-ci.”—*Esprit des lois*, liv. xxiv.

(2) See account of the fall of man in Genesis, Chap. 3.

(3) Bonaparte in his last moments called for a priest and received the rites of the Catholic church.

Walter Scott’s Life of Bonaparte.

(4) Initium sapientiæ timor Domini—the fear of God, says the Psalmist, is the beginning of wisdom.—*Ps.* 110, v. 9.

(5) Nothing can more sensibly prove the charms and power of Religion over the human heart, than this circumstance related by M. De L’Amenais :—

“Jean Jacques, un jour,” says that elegant writer, “et l’auteur des études de la nature se trouvant à la suite d’une promenade champêtre au mont valerien, entrèrent dans la chapelle des Eremites ; on recitoit, en ce moment les litanies de la Providence. Jean Jacques et son compagnon, touchés du calme de ces lieux et saisis d’une Religieuse émotion se prosternent, et

mêlent leurs prieres a celle des assistans. L'office termine, Rousseau se relievé et tout attendri, dit a son ami: Maintenant J'éprouve ce qui est dit dans l'évangile! Quand plusieurs d'entre vous seront rassemblés en mon nom, Je me trouverai au milieu d'eux. Il y a ici une sentiment de paix et de bonheur qui penetre l'ame." See "les études de la nature."

Essai sur L'indifference, page 307.

(6) There are many instances of courtiers and great men retiring into solitude and living in a holy forgetfulness of the world. Among these St. Arsenius is peculiarly remarkable. From the Court of Theodosius he retired into the desert of Scita; where he practised the most rigid austerities.

(7) St. Paul, the first hermit, flourished in the third century. He was born in Lower Thebais, where he lived for some time in a very edifying manner. He afterwards abandoned all his professions, and took up his abode in a cavern cut by the hand of nature, in a rock, near which there was a stream. His grotto was shaded by a palm-tree, which nourished him with its fruit, until the miraculous raven supplied him with food more suitable to his old age. He spent ninety-two years in this deep solitude, and died in the hundred and thirteenth year of his age.

(8) See the "Lettres edifiantes," Vol. vi. p. 163, and 164.

(9) When we read the account of the state of Christianity among the Indians, in the *lettres edifiantes*, it is impossible not to be moved. The history of Tegahkonita (after her baptism called Catharine,) as related by Father Cholenec, missionary of the Society of Jesus in Canada, is equally interesting and edifying. To appreciate the incalculable good, effected among the aborigines by the Fathers of the Society, it will be necessary to read their letters.—See *lettres edifiantes*, v. 6.

(10) When Attila at the head of his ferocious barbarians was about rushing into Rome, St. Leo went forth to meet him, and by his persuasion and menaces checked the torrent of destruc-

tion. Attila was struck with the eloquence and sanctity of the Pope, looked on Rome as a sacred city, and put an end to the hostilities.

(11) The Labarum was the standard substituted by Constantine in the place of the Roman eagle.

(12) Clovis was the husband of St. Clotilda. Before his expedition against the Germans, a nation reputed, at that time, almost unconquerable, she assured him that if he would be victorious he must invoke the God of battles. He met the enemy on the plains of Tollrac ; seeing his troops cut to pieces, and victory declaring for the Germans, he threw himself on the ground and exclaimed : “ God of the virtuous Clotilda ! to thee I have recourse : Grant me victory and I shall own no God but thee ! ” At these words the Germans were seized with a panic, and fled with precipitation. He was baptized by St. Remegius, who addressed him in these words : “ Bend thy neck, fierce Sicambrian, under the yoke of the all-powerful God ; and trample beneath thy feet the gods which thou hast hitherto adored. ”

See History of France, Vol. i.

(13) Death, so terrible to the infidel, is the sum of the Christian's hopes. He longs with St. Paul *to be dissolved and be with Christ*. (Eph. C. 4.) “ L'ésperance,” says the author of the *Essai sur l'indifference*, “ agitant son flambeau pres de la couche du mourant, lui montre le ciel ouvert, ou l'amour l'appelle La Croix qu'il tient entre ses mains debiles : qu'il presse sur ses lèvres et sur son cœur, reveillant en foule dans son esprit, des convenirs de miséricorde, le fortifie, l'attendri, e l'anime. ”

See the whole of page 311.

THE TOURIST.

A POEM.

“Multùm ille et terris jactatus et alto.”—*Virg.*



THE TOURIST.

I.

WHY to the sea, when on its waveless breast
The parting sun-beams sink to radiant rest ;
Or, to yon clouds that skirt the flaming sky,
Say, why so lonely turns the lingering eye !
Perchance the various tints, the fairy hue,
The clouds' meek lustre, and the Heaven's bright
blue ;

Perchance the waters slumbering in the blaze
Of melting sun-beams, charm my pilgrim gaze :
No ; other scenes allure my musing eyes—
There, there alas ! my native country lies.

II.

Oh who !—save him whom Heaven hath doomed to
roam,
Can feel the charms which bind the heart to home !

Oh ! when around the dreary ocean spreads,
And evening's twilight lingers o'er our heads ;
Then, as the waters waft us far away,
The joys of home around the memory play :
The heart is full ; the wayward bosom beats
To rest, dear country, in thy calm retreats.

III.

What feelings soothed me, after days of storm,
When on the waters Europe reared her form !
Though first, her clouded cliffs my sight beguiled,
Soon o'er the deep she raised her head and smiled.
Blest be that hour which saw her mountains rise
As the last day-beam melted down the skies :
Blest be those zephyrs which so gently bore
The spreading canvass to the welcome shore ;
And blest that hand, on which the tempest waits,
That gave in peace to sail the dangerous straits :
The cliffs of Lybia on one side appeared ;
My sight Iberia on the other cheered ;
Till thy dark peak, famed Abila, drew near,
And Calpe stretched his rock-crowned head in air.
Hail, mighty sisters, destined here to stand
Like towers to mark the bound'ry line of land :
Placed by a God, to warn the bark of yore,
To venture not at distance from the shore. (1)

IV.

Again I hail thee, Calpe ! on thy steep
I wandered high, and gazed upon the deep !
Nature's best fortress, which no warlike foe,
No martial scheme, can ever overthrow.
Art, too, hath added strength, and given a grace
That smooths the rugged aspect of thy face.
What wondrous halls along the mountain made !
What trains of cannon in those halls arrayed !
They frown imperious from their lofty state,
Prepared around to deal the scourge of fate.

V.

And, from this height, how beauteous to survey
The neighbouring shores, the bright cerulean bay :
Myriads of sails are swelling on the deep,
And oars, in myriads, through the waters sweep.
Behold, in peace, all nations here unite,
Their various pennons streaming to the sight :
The red cross glows, the Danish crown appears,
The half-moon rises, and the lion rears.
But mark, bold towering o'er the conscious wave,
The starry banners of my country brave
Stream like a meteor to the wooing breeze,
And float all-radiant o'er the sunny seas !
Hail native flag, forever mayest thou blow—
Hope to the friend, and terror to the foe !

VI.

The city spreads—how altered looks the view
From thine, my home ! so polished and so new—
What cots deformed, what lowly sheds appear ;
The fields how barren, and the hills how drear !
The busy Jews whom every land gives birth,
Swarm through this city as their native earth.
The turban'd Turk, the filthy Moor half drest,
The bearded Greek, this motley town infest.

VII.

But, leave we Calpe : favouring gales arise
To waft where Naples, lovely Naples lies :
Where every scene conspires to lure the sight—
The flowery plains, the Heavens so blue and
bright.—
The awful mountain lifts his double head,
While burning lava fills the shores with dread.
What horrid groanings from its womb rebound,
Like thunder-peals that shake the poles around !
Repress thy wrath, Vesuvius ! spare this plain ;
Fill not new cities with thy fires again—
By thee destroyed the fair Pompei lies,
A waste of ruin to the traveller's eyes :
And Herculaneum, famed in other years,
Swept by thy fires no longer now appears.
How frequent, too, has withering Naples screamed,

When from thy womb the flaming lava streamed !
What shield, save that by Januarius spread,
Warded destruction from her trembling head. (2)

VIII.

Behold the islands smile along the bay,
And make the cheerful prospect still more gay :
Ischia arises ;—from the fiery storm
Of Mount Vesuvius, it received its form. (3)
Capri arises ;—where the Roman fool
Pined in disgrace with those he could not rule. (4)
Then Procida its misty summits rears,
And then the little Nisida appears.

IX.

Ha, Nisida ! full many a day rolled o'er,
That saw me fettered on thy craggy shore : (5)
Full many a one ;—yet, why, my soul, repine,
Since Baiæ fair, and Gaurus famed for wine,
And Cumæ, too, the Sybil's known delight,
And scenes of classic story caught my sight.
Ah splendid ruins ! left by weary fate,
To tell the stranger of your ancient state !
How glorious once, when bards and heroes met,—
And bards and heroes love to meet here yet :
One, on these plains to gather martial fire,
And one, to seek some Roman's mouldered lyre !

But ye have withered ! yea, your day is o'er,
His foot Destruction stamps upon this shore !
And time's dark scythe remorselessly hews down,
What bade defiance to the Vandal's frown.

X.

Oh Nisida ! oft did I dream to hear—
As from the eye of fancy dropt the tear—
The cars of heroes rattling on that shore,
Where heroes' cars shall never rattle more !
Oft did imagination catch the sound
Of Virgil's reed these hills once heard around,
When in their shade he taught the busy swains
To dress the vine, and till the fertile plains.
Great poet, say ! Is my unhallow'd eye
Worthy to wander where thine ashes lie.
Say, is it given to such a heart as mine
To muse in rapture o'er thy rural shrine !

XI.

My soul, approach we to the spreading shade,
And pay our reverence where the bard is laid.
O mountain ! sacred to each rural grace,
By nature formed to be his resting place :
Thy scenes sequestered, yet conspicuous lie,
And always draw the passing pilgrim's eye.
Who would not pause, Pausilipo, to see

The shade thrown round thee from the olive tree !
Who would not pause, when first thy bowers appear,
And tell his heart some bard lies slumbering here !
Yes, when I passed, my conscious bosom beat,
Though of thy Virgil none had told me yet.
I climbed the mount, and in the olive shade
Found the famed spot in which his bones were laid.
Hail sacred earth ! upon thy shades I call ;
Upon the urn and monumental hall ;
Upon the fadeless laurels which entwine,
With leaves spontaneous, the forsaken shrine : (6)
They——

Shame be on those undeserving slaves,
Whose praises flattery paints upon their graves :
How mean they lived ! and dying, bought a name
From adulation, not from real Fame :
But, what is marble sculptured with applause,
If he it covers had acquired no cause !
Frail as its master, there shall come a day,
When it, and all its flattery, shall decay.
Then, who will dream of him it graced before ?
His name shall wither, and be heard no more.

XII.

But oh ! when Merit writes the eternal line
And strews *her* praises on the simple shrine,
Shall the red hand of crime, or rust of days,

Efface one letter of that well-earned praise !
No, Virgil ; though two little lines alone (7)
Were sculptured on thy monumental stone ;
And though that stone no longer here remains,
Thy fame shall bloom immortal as thy strains.

XIII.

This tomb, O Naples, and this classic ground
And every ancient scene that spreads around,
Might tend thy musing children to inspire
With feelings high, and freedom's generous fire !
But no ; they wander round this hallowed plain,
Hang o'er the ruins, and retire in vain.
How changed from those who once received their
 birth,
Free, warlike, polished, on this far-famed earth !

XIV.

The cloudless skies, the sea-born airs that played,
Once charmed strange myriads to thy healthful
 shade :
But now, though still the skies are pure and bright,
Though still the sea-born Zephyrs breathe delight,
Few, very few, beneath thy bowers repair,
To rest from labour, or to pause from care.

XV.

I leave thee, Naples, and thy heavens serene,
Attracted onward by a grander scene !
Imperial Rome sits beckoning from afar ;
Naples, adieu ! I mount the ready car.

XVI.

Peace to thee, Rome ! upon thy distant hills
Thy form appearing all my bosom thrills !
And is this Rome ! magnificently lorn—
Beauteous—yet withered, like the wint'ry thorn !
Pale—like some pilgrim shadow from the tomb—
And yet majestic is the form of Rome !
I pause !—'tis thus that time destroys the brave ;
'Tis thus, he seals up empires in the grave !

XVII.

But, from the ruins of *imperial* Rome,
Religion's temple rears her awful dome :
And worlds shall sink—and heaven shall pass away,
Ere that mysterious monument decay.

XVIII.

Where'er I turn, my wondering eyes behold
Fallen fanes, and fallen palaces of gold : (8)
Yea, ruin after ruin stretches round ;
Fragments of gods and heroes strew the ground ;

While deep in paganism's wither'd heart,
The Galilean Fisher sinks his dart.
See how he stands triumphant, where, of old,
The imaged Cæsar frowned in massive gold !
Yes, there he cleaves ; while o'er his head on high
The Christian banners kiss their native sky. (9)

XIX.

O Rome ! where once thy Venus was adored,
And, in her honour, blood of victims poured,
The Virgin smiles, propitious and serene,
The queen of saints, of purity the queen.
And they on whom the *modest* vestal smiled
When by the hungry lioness defiled ;
And they, whose bodies, like the torch of light,
From Nero's garden chased the shades of night ;
And they, who, exiled, lingered life forlorn,
From home, and friends, and sacred country torn ;
Now smile in pictured majesty around,
Their shrines with gold, their brows with victory
crowned.

XX.

Oh what a theme for poetry sublime !
Too grand, too lofty, for my humble rhyme.
My harp, be silent ; such high strains require
A holier poet, and a loftier lyre.

XXI.

But, 'midst the triumphs of Religion, tell
With what devotion at her shrine I fell !
Religion hovered o'er my infant breast,
And meekly lulled my innocence to rest :
Watched by my crib, and, smiling, softly shed
Her heavenly halo round my slumbering head.
Through childhood's scenes, my spotless path she
 strewn
With sunny mirth, and twilight solitude :
Oh may she ever guide my wayward heart,
Kneel at my bed-side, and e'er life depart,
Breathe her last comforts as the spirit flies,
And winged with glory waft it to the skies !

XXII.

Rome, we have parted ! on thy ruined shore,
Fit scene for song—I wake the harp no more.
Where—tell me—where does Fancy's spirit dwell,
Or where lies pensive Contemplation's cell,
Save where old Rome her moss-grown turrets rears,
In hoary pride—the work of other years !
Say, dwell they not, where Tiber's muddy waves
Roll forth impetuous from his ancient caves, (10)
Or smoother Anio, down his shaded sides,
In gentler windings pours his yellow tides ? (11)
Say, dwell they not where fair Egeria's flowers

Weave a bright shade in Numa's silent bowers? (12)
Oh! who would not, in solitary bliss,
Hang raptured o'er a magic spot like this!

XXIII.

But, Rome, we've parted! other scenes expand
Than those I gazed at, on thy holy land;
No longer towers the laboured column near;
No arch, no tapering pyramid, appear: (13)
No ivied tomb, half worn with age away,
No frowning temple tottering to decay.

XXIV.

And ye, fond friends, whom Fortune still detains
Where ruin glooms the desolated plains;
Pause at that tomb where slumbering genius lies,
There, still the fires of Inspiration rise.
For me tis over:—from that awful grove,
Through warm Sicilia's mountain realms I rove.

XXV.

Sicilia, lovely are thy smiling plains,
Thy tranquil vales, where endless summer reigns:
Yes, like thy sister Naples, thou art fair;
Unfading chaplets flourish round thy hair:
The golden orange from thy neck depends,
And, at thy feet, the fragrant vine ascends.

Where'er thou tread'st, Elysian flowers arise,
Expand their glories, and salute the skies.
Before thy face a silver sea appears,
And, round thee, Zephyr breathes his purest airs.

XXVI.

Yet thou wast thoughtless: with thy chaplets crown-
ed,
In wine and mirth, and dissipation, drowned,
Thou had'st not time, unthinking nymph, to pause—
To view thy fetters, and lament thy cause. (14)
What, though the Graces tinge thy cheeks with red,
And skies unclouded smile above thy head:
Though summer's hand, in bright profusion pours
Her sweetest treasures on thy fragrant shores;
Didst thou not see thy warlike foes invade,
(Sent by the North) thy vale's luxuriant shade?
Did they not bind thy ruddy hands in chains,
Consume thy riches, and destroy thy plains?

XXVII.

Less soft, in truth, her favoured sons appear,
Than they who, Naples, breathe thy balmy air:
And heaven has made them, it is plain, to be
More true, more brave, more daring, and more free.

XXVIII.

Far from thee, Rome, and from my friends away,
And leaving Naples much too softly-gay ;
To thee I come, Sicilia, to inhale
The healthful breezes of Palermo's vale.
Among thy bowers, in peaceful ease reclined,
I seek for happiness I cannot find.
Far does man stray, with anxious hope to gain
That treasure—but, far does he stray in vain.
Poor pilgrim thing ! when will he cease to roam,
When rest, in quiet, in the arms of home ! (15)

XXIX.

Ah me ! how vain the golden dreams of youth !
Delusive phantoms—they are vain in truth !
How oft does childhood's little restless mind
Frame schemes of pleasure it shall never find !
Born to be wayward, it pursues the scheme,
Till wise experience teaches t'was a dream !

XXX.

He only whom adversity has taught,
Feels that true happiness can not be bought ;
Lo ! the rude shepherd on the sunny field
Enjoys that peace which fortune cannot yield :
Mark, how he smiles, when by his lowly shed
The rich man passing lifts his haughty head :

Think ye, he envies, when the sparkling chaise
Flies swiftly rattling o'er the gravelled ways—
Or, when he hears, among his mountains round,
The shouting huntsman, and the baying hound ?
No ; 'tis not where the glittering chariot flies,
Nor where the tumults of the chase arise ;
'Tis not with men effeminate and vain,
That real peace, and real pleasure, reign.

XXXI.

Why, then, unthinking, do we wander so,
In quest of that the peasant might bestow ?
Tell me, ye friends, whom better judgment rules,
Can all the wasted wisdom of the schools ;
Can observation, with her watchful eyes,
Like hard experience, teach us to be wise ?
Farewell those philosophic schemes of bliss,
Which only serve to lure the mind amiss !
Yes, yes ;—'tis in the virtuous heart alone
True peace abides, true wisdom rears her throne.

XXXII.

Then should, (ere summer decks the fields again),
Kind heaven restore me to my native plain,
My soul shall pause ; and learn, at length, to be
Content at home, and blest among the free.
My country, I have learned, have felt, at last,—

Experience taught through every realm I past—
The poor are happier on thy equal land,
Than he who grasps the sceptre of command :
For, what is happiness *he* little knows,
Whose throne is circled by deceitful foes ;
Whose crown, not on the will of faithful friends,
But on the wavering of the crowd depends.

XXXIII.

Much have I wandered, since I left thy shore,
And ere I meet thee, I may wander more ;
But wheresoe'er my curious eye shall turn,
And whatsoe'er of foreign worlds I learn ;
The warmer, closer, shall I cling to thee,
Home of my childhood, Land of Liberty !

NOTES

TO

THE TOURIST.

(1) *Placed by a God, &c.* These mountains were supposed by the ancients to have been placed here by Hercules as the boundaries of the world : *NE PLUS ULTRA*. “Hercules oceanum in medias terras induxit, aperto freto Gaditano, duobusque montibus Calpe et Abilâ deductis, quibus tamquam columnis triumphalibus elogium illud inscripsit : *ne plus ultra*. Juvencius de Hercule ejusq. lab.” Hercules brought the ocean through the main land, by opening the straits of Cadiz ; on either side of which he planted the two mountains Calpe and Abila, on which he inscribed, as it were on triumphal columns, this motto : “*ne plus ultra*.”

Calpe, at the period when the Moors overran Spain, took the name of *Dgebel-Tarick*, which barbarous appellation has since been changed into *Gibraltar*.

(2) *What shield, save that by Januarius, &c.* St. Januarius, the patron of Naples : through his intercession, it is related, Naples has, more than once, been saved from ruin.

(3) *Ischia arises, &c.* Ischia is said to have been formed by an eruption of Vesuvius.

(4) *Capri arises, where the Roman fool, &c.* Tiberius, of whom Ausonius :

“Frustra dehinc solo caprearum clausus in antro,
Quæ prodiit vitiis, credit operta locis.”

(5) *Ha, Nisida! full many a day, &c.* We were quarantined, at this Island, twenty-two days, in consequence of a report that the plague was raging on the Barbary coast.

(6) *With leaves spontaneous, &c.* An olive tree grows over the tomb of Virgil. Every stranger feels privileged to pluck a leaf from it, as a classic relic. How much more interesting this rural sepulchre, than the proudest modern mausoleum!

(7) *No, Virgil; though two little lines alone, &c.*

“Mantua me genuit; Calabri rapuêre; tenet nunc
Parthenope: cecini pascua, rura, duces.”

(8) *Fallen funes, and fallen palaces of gold.* Nero's golden palace.

(9) *Yes, there he cleaves, &c.,* on Trajan's pillar. “La colonne Trajane ne seroit pas debout,” writes Chateaubriand, “si la statue de S. Pierre ne l'eut couronnée.”

(10) *Roll forth impetuous, &c..*

“Vorticibus rapidis et multâ flavus arenâ,
In mare prorumpit.”—*Virg.*

(11) *Or smoother Anio, &c.*

“Ad genitorem Anio labens sine murmure Tibrim.”—*Sil.*

(12) *Say, dwell they not where fair Egeria's flowers, &c.*

“——pietate dolentis

Mota Soror Phœbi gelidum de corpore fontem

Fecit, et æternas artus tenuavit in undas.”—*Ovid.*

(13) *No arch, no tapering pyramid, appear.* The pyramid, tomb, of Caius Cestius.

(14) *To view thy fetters, &c.* The Austrians, in 1821, were garrisoned through the Island.

(15) *When rest, in quiet, in the arms of home.* The farther we travel from our homes, the more forcibly do we feel the truth and philosophy of the sentiment of Horace:

“——Patriæ quis exul
Se quoque fugit.”

TRIUMPH OF RELIGION.

“ Cette Religion, fondée sur ces titres, a été a l'épreuve de l'examen des philosophes, et de la persécution des tyrans.”

Evangile Médité.

TRIUMPH OF RELIGION.

I.

THROUGH distant realms the woes of war to spread,
To strew the battle-field with heaps of dead ;
See foreign princes from their empires hurled,
And drive the car of triumph o'er the world ;
Was once the dream of Philip's frantic son,
Who swayed thy sceptre, far-famed Macedon.

II.

Say, by what arts did that fierce despot throw
The yoke of conquest o'er each mighty foe ?
How laid he prostrate, in their destined hour,
The Mede, the Persian, and the Indian power ?
Ambition fired the reckless warrior's heart,
Made nations tremble, people yield, and smart.

III.

Still could not he, from pole to pole extend
War's bloody ravages; there is an end
To all that's human—the wild warrior's arms
Which scatter woe around and dire alarms,
Have had their destined boundaries, and *shall* have:
He who hath laid ten thousand in their grave,
And stript whole nations of their better half,
Shall one day cease war's bloody cup to quaff:
The hand that traced the limits of the deep,
O'er which the raging billows dare not sweep,
Hath marked the boundary, where the surges red
Of mad ambition, fret back to their bed.
“Thus far advance”—here let the deep that raves,
And here proud conquest heap alike their waves.

IV.

No human power, before Religion's birth,
E'er swayed the sceptre over all the earth.
Rome's daring sons, o'er trembling nations, far
Had hurled the dreadful thunderbolts of war;
Proud from her seven hills, the dread of foes, (1)
The awe of friends, her huge Colossus rose.
The shields of thousands round it were display'd,
Crowns heaped on crowns, on sceptre, sceptre laid,
Kingdoms and kings were chained around that pile
Like slaves upon a galley; for awhile,

To half the world t'was terrible to hear
The very name of Rome—but, still, there were
Who heard it not at all, or heard it without fear.

V.

T'was thine, Religion, thine to sway the world :
On every plain thy banners are unfurled.
Where Rome's imperial eagles never soared,
Thy God is known, is honoured, is adored.
T'was thine to break *her* power, to stoop that crest
Which long had towered sublime above the rest—
Level the Roman empire with the ground,
And strew her gods, and fanes, and altars round. (2)
Oh what a theme the Christian muse to fire !
Worthy the Bard of Sion's holy lyre.
When through the waste of ages, Fancy strays
In solitary triumph, to the days,
When, like some glorious spirit, from above
Diffusing peace around, and heav'nly love,
Religion lighted on this orb below—
The bosom must expand, the heart must glow.

VI.

Since that bright era, years on years have sped,
Sweeping away the living to the dead :
Cities have fallen, nations been destroyed,
And populous empires left a dreary void.

Still, like the pyramid that rears sublime
Its head triumphant o'er the ruins of time,
Religion's fabric nobly towers on high,
Defying earth, and mingling with the sky.
Firm on a rock, by Heaven's supreme command,
"Till the world's consummation" it shall stand. (3)

VII.

What was the world, ere rose Religion's light?
A melancholy blank, a moonless night.
Man, left to grope his solitary way
With nought but Reason's dimly glimmering ray,
Erred through the devious paths of moral life,
His heart the prey to sorrow and to strife.
"The Lord of nature" sank into a slave!
In birth a mortal—nothing in the grave. (4)

VIII.

When first the Maker, with his plastic word,
Call'd man from dust, creation's earthly Lord,
"He breathed into his nostrils," and imprest
An image of himself upon his breast, (5)
A law was written on his pliant heart,
From which t'were painful, sinful, to depart.
There, in that secret sanctuary, dwelt
A monitory spirit; there, he felt
For every crime remorse, for pleasure pain:
The hope to stifle that keen pang were vain.

IX.

In lapse of years, when man had ceased to be
What he was made by a wise Deity,
The law, by nature's sacred finger traced
Upon his heart, was gradually effaced.
The light of Reason, which a breath divine
Once kindled in his breast, now ceased to shine:
Then all was moral night: the passions swayed,
The lustre of the mind was quenched in shade;
No more did God in all his works appear:
Creation's eloquence, the earth, the air,
The deep, the mountains high, the winding vales,
The stormy tempest, and the balmy gales;
Spring clad in flowers, and summer crowned with
fruit,
Brown autumn, hoary winter—all were mute.
Those lifeless things that preached to man before,
In silent eloquence, now preached no more.
Hushed was the voice that sighed in every stream;
Quenched was the light that shone in every beam;
Gone was the spirit, that smiled in every hue
Of the gay flow'r, descended in the dew,
Rose in the sun, and shone abroad thro' heav'n,
Lovely alike at morn, at noon, at even—
The stars that glimmered through the azure skies,
The planetary orbs that charmed the eyes,
And in a placid, solitary strain,

Bade man not look upon their orbs in vain ;
Bade him in grateful adoration fall,
And see, admire, adore, his *God* in all.
All, all is death-like silence—nature's God
Yields to the brute, the marble, and the clod.
Strange things that hear not, see not, feel not, reign :
Plants in the garden, beasts that range the plain :
Trees from the mountains clov'n into a block
Resembling man ; Gods hewn from the hard rock,
Dethrone the Lord of nature, at whose nod,
All things must tremble and confess their God.
Crimes of the darkest hue were made divine :
To every vice there rose a stately shrine :
Rome to her Mars paid adoration, while
Egypt knelt down to monsters of the Nile. (6)
The passions thus were in the Gods display'd :
And crimes in Fancy's colouring array'd,
Adorned by Poesy, supported, too,
By wit and learning, into virtues grew.
Thus o'er thine altar, Jove, by old and young,
The spoils of ruined chastity were hung.
And thou, imperial Juno, goddess vain,
Didst view the humble man with high disdain.
Warriors and robbers were alike divine,
And every passion had its god and shrine.

X.

Say, what were men; when gods were thus depraved?

The sport of vice, by every crime enslaved.
Nations, whose deities are fierce, unjust,
Intemperate, and tyrannic, surely must
Partake the nature of their gods, and be
From all restraint of law and virtue free.
Yea, they became delirious, and even
Offered their human hecatombs to heaven.

XI.

Rome, pagan Rome, the muse *will* turn to thee,
Thy power and conquest spread o'er land and sea :
Back to thy capitol's "eternal" steep
With all thy spoils, and booty, thou didst sweep :
Carrying the gods of strangers in thy train,
For each of which there was prepared a Fane :
Till thy triumphant sanctuaries, Rome,
Crowded with wood and marble, did become
The centre of idolatry and crimes—
Shame on the horror of thy brightest times !

XII.

And Athens, too, whom nations deemed refined ;
All light to others, to herself was blind.
Her brows encircled with the sophist's wreath,

She sat amid the shades of moral death.
Beheld her vaunted sages bend their knees
To things they formed, and miscalled deities.

XIII.

But, from the bosom of this general gloom
That brooded o'er the world, as o'er the tomb,
There sometimes shot a meteor—whose ray
Was faint and rapid—and soon past away.
T'was like those baneful fires, enkindled o'er
A stormy ocean, on some dreary shore,
Which, glaring on the tempest, only show
The wreck they should have saved—the scene of
woe.

XIV.

And from the flashes of this transient light,
The world's deep gloom seemed gloomier to the
sight.

By the rare, doubtful virtues of a few,
The world appeared more vicious—and was, too.
Thy precepts, Plato, are, indeed, sublime;
Thy genius still shines through the mist of time:
And thine, O Socrates! like beacons bright
Burning all lonely o'er the deep at night.

XV.

Sweet flowed from Tully's lips the honeyed streams,
Of genuine eloquence, sparkling in the beams
Of brilliant wit, and deep with varied lore,
Pure, chaste, and rapid ; now meandering o'er
A flowery mead, now winding down the side
Of some green hill ; now rolling in a tide
Of might and majesty ; where'er it flows,
The scene around more rich and lovely grows.

XVI.

But, if their minds by heaven seemed half inspired,
And still their moral precepts are admired,
Base and degraded were the lives they led,
And half-obsured the light their wisdom shed.
Her utmost energies stern Reason tried,
Soared to a lofty eminence of pride,
From which she plunged amid the gloom around,
And reeling, tottered to the abyss profound.

XVII.

Hence, proud Philosophy, thy systems wild :
Of chance, the world was deemed the wayward
child ;
The eye of Providence was closed above,
Fatality moved all that seemed to move.
That was the God to whom the sophists paid

Their adoration. It the sceptre swayed
O'er human things: the harmony divine
That makes all objects to one end combine,
Was deemed thy work, capricious chance ! to thee
They bent their knees as to their deity.

XVIII.

What was the human soul in their esteem?
A particle, whose portion t'was to dream
For a brief period, and then mix with wind:
Or else a spark which warms awhile the mind,
Then is extinguished: or perhaps a thing
Which, when it quits this tenement, will wing
Its froward flight, and seek a new abode
In some strange animal, or plant, or clod. (7)
The parents of these schemes were called "divine:"
And ages, as they fled, served to twine
Still closer round their brows the wreath of fame,
And Flattery shed *her* halo round their name.

XIX.

But, when Reflection's calm and sober mind
Dwells on the follies in those schemes combined,
Thinks how, to him who is, was, and shall be
Boundless and vast as is Eternity,
They paid no homage, while all nature paid,
Nay, threw o'er all his attributes a shade,

Impenetrable to the vulgar eye,
And strove to efface his glory from the sky :
When on such dark and sacrilegious schemes
Calm reason pauses—all the glittering dreams
Of Pagan greatness vanish, the proud tower
Raised, like thine, Babel, to the clouds that lower
Above a guilty world, by Heaven's red arm
Struck, on a sudden, totters : wild alarm
Falls on the builders ; strange disorder rules ;
Tongues are confounded ; wise men turned to
“Fools.”

XX.

If such, of sages, was the dreary state,
What, O plebeians, was your gloomy fate ?
Strangers to Him who moulded you to life,
Tossed on a sea of ignorance and strife,
Bending in senseless worship to the clod,
Whispering your vows before some graven god
Carved by the artist's hand into the form
Of some “strange thing,” searching the entrails
warm
Of dying beasts, and birds, and men, to know
What the dark future has of joy or woe.
Ah ! what a chaos broods upon the mind,
And settles o'er the head of human kind !
Say, seems it not, that nature is thrown back

Into its pristine nothing, ere the track
Of order, and of light, could be descried
Parting the dry land from the waters wide.
Oh ! who can dissipate the moral night,
Save Him who said: "Be light, and there was light."
His voice is heard by nature, and obeyed,
Calls order from disorder, light from shade.
A moral deluge swept away mankind,
Leaving but Noah in his ark behind.
The tribes of Judah—they alone remain
Safe o'er the general ruin, while again,
All seems a vast and traceless blank around,
And scarce a vestige of what was, is found.

XXI.

But, mid the desolation, sounds the voice
Of Him who reigns above : all things rejoice—
The rainbow rises, and from hill to hill
Proclaims, that peace and mercy flourish still.
The sun again shoots down his cheering light,
And from the poles dispels the brooding night.

XXII.

Yes, mid this scene of darkness and of woe,
Religion's spirit winged her flight below,
Radiant and lovely, from the spheres of heaven
She came to tell that man has been forgiven :

Peace, joy, and mercy shone on earth again,
And all the virtues followed in their train.
Yes, in the East appeared the mystic star
Diffusing lustre o'er the tribes afar :
Nations alarmed, beheld the wond'rous light,
The Pagan monarch viewed it with affright :
Already seemed his ancient throne to quake,
The crown to dwindle, and his arm to shake,
That long, with steady grasp, and bold command,
Wielded the sceptre o'er a prostrate land.
Hell was alarmed : the oracles stood mute,
Cold as their kindred marble : harp, and lute,
And all the instruments of festive song,
Were silent in the Fanes, and gone the throng,
That lately pressed, O Delphos ! to thy shrine,
Or hung in silence round, Dodona, thine.

XXIII.

The hour hath come, a glorious hour is this !
When back in fetters to the dark abyss
(His native place) the dragon shall be driven,
And New Jerusalem descend from heaven.
The hour hath come, when that mysterious tree
Whose branches shall expand from sea to sea,
Is planted on the mountain, in whose limbs
The birds shall build their nests, and sing their
hymns.

Beneath whose shade the wolf and lamb shall meet,
And wearied mortal find a calm retreat. (8)
The hour hath come, when, on the hill sublime,
The city, destined to survive all time,
Was founded, visible to every eye,
Towering through ages to its kindred sky.
There, 'mid the whole, the mystic temple stands,
The work of more than man's or angel's hands.
Whose altars pure, no blood of oxen slain,
Nor goats, nor other animals, shall stain.
There He, who fills the immensity of space,
Shall make, through love of man, his dwelling place,
And the clean sacrifice shall be begun, (9)
To greet the rising, and the setting sun.

XXIV.

How marvellous the change ! the mind renewed,
The soul redeemed, the passions all subdued ;
Man, beaming with the radiance of love,
Resumes the image of his God above :
He bursts his moral chain, and towers sublime,
Piercing the narrow boundaries of time :
Looks through the tomb, beyond the distant sky,
For life, for joy, for immortality.
Yes, marvellous the change ! the rich made poor,
The proud made humble ; what was " wise " before
Turned into " folly ; " pleasure into pain :

Joy into sorrow:—perishable, vain,
The garland of the poet, and the wreath
Twined on the warrior's temples—a mere breath,
The song of fame and flattery—all below,
Beauty, and wealth, and genius; the bright show
Of fashion; and the revel of the dance;
And all that dazzles: the brave warrior's lance;
The monarch's equipage; the scholar's lore;
And all that captivated men before,
Are now not worth admiring; since the light
Hath broken from above, and pierced the night
Of dark delusion: all that looked so gay,
So talismanic, has now passed away.
All—by that pow'r which bids the thunders cease,
And chides the raging billows into peace.

XXV.

Each nation owned its tutelary god:
In every tribe, and family, abode
Some favourite deity; from him whose throne
Was on Olympus, and who reigned alone
Supreme o'er earth, and Tartarus, and heav'n,
Down to the loved Penates, there were given
Hereditary tokens of respect—
And can they now those favourite gods reject?
The earliest scene that caught the infant's sight,
Was some domestic sacrifice, some rite

Which ancient use made sacred and divine :
Thus did his earliest notions all combine
To consecrate these follies : the last ray
Of reason's heaven-lit torch had died away :
Truth's brilliant spirit fled, and gloom and wrath
Brooded, sad Pagan, o'er thy trackless path.

XXVI.

One only race, (Judæa, it was thine,)
Still caught the lustre of the "sun" divine :
But the proud Roman scorned the deemed disgrace
To hold communion with thy lowly race.
The sons of Romulus were taught to admire
The feats of gods, the magic of the lyre :
Heroes and heroines, and deeds of glory,
Transmitted from their sires in polished story,
Composed their sole religion : in great Jove
They found the patron of unlawful love :
In Hercules, of vengeance—all the skies
Were peopled with such misnamed deities.
Nurtured in such a system, man, t'would seem,
Will ne'er forsake it for the rigid scheme,
Preached by the followers of HIM, who died
Abandoned by the world, and crucified.
Yet it hath been : before the mighty plan
Of Christian wisdom, all most dear to man

Melted away, like mist, before the light
Of morning breaking on the wond'ring sight.

XXVII.

The wreath of glory faded on the brows
Of gods and demi-gods; the secret vows
Breathed at their shrine were hushed—hushed was
the sound
Of cymbal, lyre, and song, that echoed round
Through grove and temple, rippled in the stream,
And whispered mid the bow'rs; hushed the theme
Of hallowed poesy; the sophist, too,
Must cease his speculations, bid adieu
To the famed "Porch," to Academus bright,
And thy Lycæum, godlike Stagyrte.

XXVIII.

Ere this, the human mind might range abroad
Through Fancy's realms, and on its flowery road
Gather the spoils of sages, who before
Had dared those fairy regions to explore.
Now melt those gaudy baubles on the sight,
Imagination pauses in her flight:
Stern Reason yields; Religion speaks, and lo!
New order rises on the world below.
Man's sovereign happiness is now defined;
'Tis not the recreation of the mind,

Nor yet the pleasures of a grosser kind.
Away the luxuries of earthly bliss :
Mankind were made for something more than this.
Religion, heavenly maid, to worlds above
Points the blest hopes of man to peace and love.
Unveils the scene on Golgotha's dark height,
And throws all heaven open on the sight.

XXIX.

What means that gloom, divine Religion speak, (10)
That lowers in terror over Calvary's peak?
What means that thunder, which, with awful crash,
Breaks o'er its summits as the lightnings flash?
Why burst the tombs where sleep the ancient dead?
What rends the temple's veil? who hangs his head
Amid this strange confusion? who is He
Suspended, 'mid the storm, upon that tree?

XXX.

Upon that cross the man who hangs and dies,
Shall triumph, Rome, o'er thy proud deities :
And sparkling in the imperial diadem,
That cross shall be the best, the brightest gem.
Though gore and blood defile his sacred face ;
Though in his person there appear no grace ;
Though bruised and mutilated in each limb,
All things shall be "attracted unto him."

The day shall come, when at his mighty nod,
Idolatry shall yield, and own him God.
High o'er the ruins of its fabric proud
Shall rise his temples: myriads shall crowd
Around his altars, and confess his name:
His glory prostrate nations shall proclaim.
People with people in his cause shall vie,
Apostles preach it, for it martyrs die.

XXXI.

The thunders peal; he speaks in every crash:
The lightnings gleam; he gleams in every flash.
His voice is heard amid the storm and shock
That rent the temple and convulsed the rock.
There hangs Religion's founder—there the Lord
Of nature agonizes—the eternal word.
O faith despond not! from the midnight gloom
That shall envelope his ignoble tomb,
Forth, with his glorious body, he shall rise (11)
And soar triumphant to his native skies.
And from his grave Religion, too, shall spring
Like the majestic oak, high towering
O'er all the neighbouring woods—to which is given
A firm foundation—e'en like that of heaven.

NOTES

TO

THE TRIUMPH OF RELIGION.

(1) *Proud from her seven hills, &c.* It was the boast of the Romans, that their proud metropolis governed the world : Hence Ovid :

“ Sed quæ de septem totum circumspicit orbem
Montibus, imperii Roma Deûmque locus.”

But this “Home of the Gods,” has yielded to the Christian Religion.

(2) *And strew her gods, and fanes, &c.* There could not be a more convincing proof of the divinity of the Christian Religion than the destruction of Pagan Rome, and the triumph of the Cross over the pride, the wit, the prejudices, and the idolatry of that mistress of the world. “Vicit mundum non gladio sed ligno,” cries St. Augustine.

(3) *Till the world's consummation, &c.* This is the promise of the Founder of the Church : “And lo !” did he address his apostles, “I am with you even to the consummation of the world.” *Matthew 28, v. 20.*

(4) *In birth a mortal—nothing in the grave, &c.* How uncertain were the ideas of the wisest Pagans concerning a future

state! "*Mors ultima linea rerum est*," exclaims Horace. Enjoy life while you can, for after death, you are no more. What sublime prospects are not presented to our hopes by the Christian Religion! In the language of St. Paul to the Colossians, "for the hope is laid up for you in Heaven: which you have heard in the word of truth of the gospel."—*Chap. 1. v. 5.*

(5) *He breathed into his nostrils*, &c. "So God created man to his own image, in the image of God he created him."—*Genesis, Chap. 1. v. 26.*

(6) *Egypt knelt down*, &c.

"Ægyptus portenta colat, crocodilon adoret."—*Juvenal.*

(7) *In some strange animal*, &c. The system of metempsychosis was invented by Pythagoras, the philosopher of Samos; who pretended to have been a certain Euphorbus at the siege of Troy.

(8) *Beneath whose shade the wolf and lamb*, &c. "The wolf shall dwell with the lamb," cries out Isaiah, "the leopard shall lie down with the kid, the calf, the lion, and the sheep, shall dwell together, and a little child shall lead them."—*Chap. 1. v. 6.*

(9) *And the clean sacrifice*, &c. According to the prediction of Malachi the prophet: "For, from the rising of the sun to the going down of the same, my name shall be great among the Gentiles; and in every place incense shall be offered unto my name, and a pure offering."—*Chap. 1. v. 11.*

(10) *What means that gloom*, &c. See the account of the crucifixion, as related by the Evangelists. The sun darkened; the temple's veil rent into pieces; the rocks splitting; the tombs opening; the dead rising, proclaim the divinity of Him who expired on Golgotha. "Socrates died like a philosopher," exclaimed J. J. Rousseau, "but Jesus Christ like a God!" And Vida:

"Te manes tremuère, plagæ regnator opacæ,
Umbrarum passim populantem immitia regna
Non tulit, atque imis trepidus se condidit umbris."

(11) *Forth, with his glorious body, &c.* Here is the test of the divinity of Christ. He promised to rise on the third day, and accordingly, notwithstanding all the precautions of the Jews, he went forth alive and glorious at the time predicted. "He showed himself alive after his passion," writes the author of the Acts of the Apostles, "by many proofs, for forty days appearing to them (his apostles) and speaking of the kingdom of God." Thus was the seal fixed to the charter which he gave to his followers: and that religion which he established is to continue unchanged and the same to the end of time. He has promised it—and, "heaven and earth shall pass away, but his word shall not pass away."

THOUGHTS ON GOD.

IMITATED FROM RACINE.

“Oui c’est un Dieu caché que le Dieu qu’il faut croire.”

Racine.

“Yes, ’tis a hidden God we must adore.”

THOUGHTS ON GOD.

I.

My brother ! whilst in penury and pain,
Full many a lingering wretch laments in vain ;
While some are doomed to tug the ponderous oar
Of adverse fate, beyond the reach of shore ;
Whilst others, far from hope and country torn,
Stray o'er the world, afflicted and forlorn ;
Let us, more happy, in these spreading bowers,
In contemplation spend the evening hours.

II.

Though from the heart of feeling bursts the sigh,
And tears of sympathy bedew the eye,
When Fancy hovers on those scenes of woe,
Which ofttimes meet the fainting sight below ;
Yet, when considered by the good and wise,
They prove the mighty wisdom of the skies.
With calm content the virtuous man receives

Whatever portion heaven's just author gives :
If that be poverty, disease, or pain,
He seeks no better portion to obtain ;
Bends with submission to the high decree,
And smiles beneath the lash of misery.

III.

For, soon, he says, this life shall pass away,
And with it, all that tortures me to-day.
The sun of Pleasure, too, shall set in shade,
And all its brilliant pageantry shall fade ;
Like the fair blossom of the vernal flower,
That rises, blooms, and passes, with the hour.
The sage reflects, that harmony must reign ;
And thus the poor man is not poor in vain.
If all were rich, did all alike depend
On Heav'n alone, say, where would be the friend ?
There could be none : no universal love,
Which renders mortals like the saints above.

IV.

How sweet, blest Charity, to view thy hand
Diffusing social blessings round the land !
Pressing the bashful stranger to receive
That overplus, which man to man should give !
What more delightful, than to see thee go,
With cheerful bosom, to the house of woe ;

Blending thy sorrows with the widow's sighs,
And wiping off the tears from orphans' eyes.
Infusing comfort in the broken heart,
And making wounds forget to bleed or smart.

V.

Pretended sages ! ye miscalled and vain,
Cease, for a moment, your unholy strain.
“Reason,” ye say, “should teach reflecting man,
That such confusion in creation's plan,
Proves, that the schoolman's wild and subtle schemes
Of Providence, are visionary dreams.
How can a God, just, merciful, and wise,
Permit the wicked to blaspheme the skies ;
To live in sins, and crimes that never cease,
To revel in prosperity and peace ;
While the poor man, who wastes his tedious years
In probity, in innocence, and prayers,
Is left to pine, unpitied and unheard ?—
There cannot be such Providence absurd.”

VI.

Unthinking man ! how long ere thou wilt learn,
That God knows why he makes the wretched
 mourn ?
How long, because he is a hidden God,
Wilt thou refuse submission to his nod ?

VII.

“Yes, ’tis a hidden God we must adore;”
But ah! to witness his unbounded pow’r,
What shining proofs are ranged before my eyes;
Answer, O heaven! speak ye, earth and skies!
What hand yon azure canopy hath spread,
Kindled the stars that glitter o’er my head! (1)

VIII.

Oh heaven! what simple majesty appears!
What lovely grandeur decorates thy spheres!
In them I *plainly* see the hidden Lord,
Who called forth all thy beauty with a word.

IX.

And thou, whose ray just dancing o’er the dew,
The same forever, and forever new, (2)
Tell me, thou sun, by whose supreme command
Thou leav’st the sea to shine upon the land?
Each day I wait thee; thou return’st each day;
Is it *my* voice, O sun, thou dost obey?

X.

And thou, whose fury frets the groaning strand, (3)
Dreadful abyss! tell us, what mighty hand,
When thou wouldst o’er thy trembling borders
spread,

Bids thee be hushed, and sleep within thy bed.
In vain thou long'st to burst thy prison door,
Thy foaming waters break upon the shore :
Wreak all thy vengeance on those sordid slaves,
Whom avarice taught to venture on thy waves.
But when the tempest roars, say, will they dare
Address to thee their sad desponding pray'r?
Ah no ! to heaven they turn their longing eyes, (4)
For nature tells them *there* assistance lies.

XI.

The instructive world declares this God to me ;
The earth proclaims him : “ Is it I,” says she,
“ Who all these beauteous ornaments displayed ?
No : 'tis the God who my foundations laid.
If I supply thy wants, 'tis his decree ;
Whate'er he gives, he gives it all for thee.
From his right hand descend my various flow'rs ;
It need but open, and they fall in show'rs.
He, not to blast the industrious labourer's toil,
Lets loose the Nile o'er Egypt's barren soil.
Freed from its boundaries, oft it swells around,
And of its waters drinks the thirsty ground.

XII.

“ Each smaller object its Creator shows :
Behold the tree, and every shrub that grows :

When to the root its way my substance makes,
The trunk receives it, and the branch partakes.
The leaves request it, when 'tis time to start ;
The kindred branches grant the leaves a part ;
But whilst the fruit hangs charming to thine eyes,
Beware, lest thou my humbler plants despise.
They seem a useless burden on the earth,
But didst thou know their salutary worth,
They might avert a thousand ills from man,
And render wider life's contracted span.
Yet do not weep, if all thou view'st to day,
Shall droop their heads, to-morrow, and decay.
For they shall leave a never ceasing race,
To serve thy wants, O mortal, in their place."

XIII.

Thus speaks the earth ; and charmed to hear her tell
The various wonders, which in nature dwell ;
Raptured to hear how each on each depends,
And all conspiring to their proper ends ;
I pause in wonder, at the grand design,
Where greatness and simplicity combine ;
I see them all to harmony conspire,
And everywhere the hand of God admire.

XIV.

But ye who view, with unbelieving eye,
The countless wonders, which around us lie,
Spectators vain, who make your God of chance,
What reason can philosophy advance,
Why the gay swallow, with a mother's care,
Builds in the chimney, each returning year?
How has she, aided by her beak alone, (5)
Moulded the lime, which seems as hard as stone?
How do the birds, half provident and wise,
Foresee the time their little ones shall rise?
What beds of cotton on the trees are hung!
What cribs, to rock to sleep their tender young!
The father, conscious of their helpless state,
Flies off for food, and brings it to his mate.
The mother, peaceful in her nest above,
Enjoys the blessings of their mutual love.
When they repulse the invasion of their foes,
Their native meekness into fury grows.
Joined by affection, they shall soon inspire
Their children's bosoms with an equal fire;
When Zephyr's vernal breath, in future days,
Shall light for them the hymeneal blaze,
In fruitful union every faithful pair,
With new-born citizens shall crowd the air;
A countless progeny, in which, ere long,
The old shall be confounded with the young.

XV.

They, who, to shun the winter's dreary time, (6)
Seek an asylum in some genial clime,
Shall not, unmindful of their offspring dear,
Leave them to freeze beneath the wintry air.
They meet in council, fix the destined time,
When all their tribe must seek a warmer clime—
It comes; they start—perchance the young request,
When forced to leave the region they love best,
How long ere spring shall visit them again,
And send them exiled to their native plain.

XVI.

Behold the prospect alters on the eyes—
Return to earth; lo! there the insect lies:
Hid in the dust, but conscious of his worth,
Asks why I spurn the little things of earth?
Though now the mighty elephant appears,
Sporting beneath the burden which he bears, (7)
I still behold, with admiration just,
The harmless insect creeping in the dust.
Yes, let me pause, and view him o'er and o'er;
There, there, the hidden artist charms me more.

XVII.

The prudent emmet, while the harvest rears
Its golden head, for future wants prepares:

The wearied labourers, unknown to rest,
Beneath their burden sinking and opprest,
Dragging their load along, and scarce alive,
At length at their neat granaries arrive.
Within their subterraneous barns again,
With double toil, they pile their heaps of grain ;
Thus does the Father of us all below,
Impartial, food on man and worm bestow—
Fed by his hand, at length we pass away,
And in our stead, a worm is called to-day—
A fickle thing, which oft deceitful goes,
To pay its homage to the fragrant rose :
He lately, 'midst the creeping insect throng,
Dragged o'er the dust his uncouth form along,
But quickly sought, disgusted with his race,
To hide and die, in some sequestered place.
But times soon change ; his death is but a dream ;
When he awakes, how altered doth he seem !
Leaving his tomb, he issues forth to light,
And through the air, he wings his rapid flight.
O worm ! to thee my silken robes are due ;
Thy works how charming, but thy days how few !
It is for me, O worm, that thou art here ;
For, with thy labour, ends thy brief career.
Thou leav'st a thousand children in thy place,
Which ne'er shall see their short-lived parent's face.

I sing thy wonders, and I weep for thee :
But who, save Virgil, can describe the Bee ?

XVIII.

Now man, to whom this marvellous world is giv'n,
Rears high his noble head, and looks to heav'n.
His front majestic, where the soul appears,
Is sometimes darkened by the gloom of cares ;
There ofttimes joy emits a ray serene,
And there the virtues and the crimes are seen.
There aught the blush of modesty excites ;
There frowns contempt, and candour there delights ;
There courage, cowardice, imprudent rage,
And fear, and paleness, and their equipage.

XIX.

The voice, at all times, ready to obey, (8)
Far from the mind conducts the thoughts away ;
Thou Herald of the soul ! to thee we owe,
The use, and comfort, which from converse flow.
What crowds of objects does the eye unite,
How join, and blend, the scattered rays of light !
There thousand strings in tender texture meet,
Near which, the memory hath fixed her seat.

XX.

But ah ! what hand hath made the blood replete
With genial ardour, and salubrious heat?
Its equal motion warms my fluttering heart,
And kindly circles o'er each distant part.

XXI.

A substance thick the blood's pure stream creates,
Which, by repeated changes, penetrates
The yielding flesh, and through the body flows,
Till, by degrees, into the flesh it grows.

XXII.

Of all these wonders is my word the cause?
Does man preside o'er these mysterious laws?
He scarcely knows them ; yet experience cries,
That all is orderly, and all is wise.
Let us, my brother, gratefully proclaim
The mighty author, and adore his name.

XXIII.

Impiety ! say, how long will it be
Ere thou confess the eye was made to see ?
How long, Impiety ! ere thou shalt find,
That he who made the eye, cannot be blind ?
Base ignorance ! let such mingled harmony,
And mingled beauty, preach this God to thee.

XXIV.

Behold, around thee, what a charming scene !
The cloud-capt mountain, and the vale of green.
Then hark, whilst howling winds begin to rise,
And veil in tempest, the cerulean skies ;
The pealing thunder shakes the hills around,
And rain falls rattling on the deluged ground.

XXV.

What scenes of horror strike the wildered eye,
Deep caves, volcanos, precipices high,
Dreadful abysses, barren seas and sands,
Briars, and rocks, and dark forsaken lands !
There, the wild waters toss their fish in air ;
Here howling lions to their dens repair.
'Midst all these objects, hardened man, once more,
The hand of God acknowledge, and adore.

But why such hail, such tempests, rain and snow ?
Oh ! learn, at length, what blessings they bestow.

XXVI.

The ocean vapours, stolen by the sun
From one deep sea, soon form another one.
These gathering clouds, which gloom the face of day,
And which the rapid winds soon chase away,
Oft o'er the earth refreshing showers will yield,
Or fruitful snow, that whitens all the field.

XXVII.

Each rugged rock that rears its frosty head,
Contains a treasure, which through earth shall
spread.

The roaring ocean, with impetuous shock,
Forces its way, and penetrates the rock :
Deep in its heart the winding waters flow,
And through the scattered veins descend below :
Then from the rock they leap, with gentle course,
But soon swell on, and roll, with rapid force.
From those bold mountains Hannibal past o'er,
In ancient days, the Po's rich waters pour.
The Rhone, too, offspring of that mountain-chain,
Wafts its translucent stream through France's plain.
From the same source, the Rhine, its brother, flows,
And to another distant region goes.
Until, at length, they end their devious course,
And back return into their ancient source.
Thence, by the sun, the streams are drawn again,
Until the clouds return them to the plain.

XXVIII.

Here recognise the God, who rules above,
And causes all to live, and act, and move.
Could he, who thus gives life to every clime,
Be born Himself, proud man ! the child of Time ?
Older than Time, he formed the world and man ;

Omnipotent, his being ne'er began.
His hand divine indelibly imprest
His own bright image on my mortal breast:
And scarce had reason dawn'd upon my mind,
I felt there was a God of human kind—
I saw his works, and owned, in spite of pride,
That in his mercy, all my hopes reside.

XXIX.

At his dread name what nation doth not fear! (9)
Did man forge fetters for himself to wear?
Lo! I behold, where'er I chance to turn,
Victims to God on every altar burn.
Kind heaven receives the vows; our incense flies,
Wafting its adoration to the skies.
Behold, blind atheist! Egypt bends her knee,
And Rome kneels down, before her Deity.
To Gods of marble, whom their hands had made,
People and kings their adoration paid.
Proud infidels! more candid far than you,
They owned, that to *some God* their vows were
due.
They felt (whate'er philosophers advance)
This vast creation was no thing of chance.
Could chance direct the ever-varying year,
Or paint the rain-bow as the sky grows clear?

Then cease your blasphemy ; believe, adore :
Let evidence convince *thee* epicure.

XXX.

Behold, my brother, how the tempest lowers,
And down, in torrents, rush the pelting showers !
The thunder rolls, the lightning flashes by,
But soon again appears the azure sky.
The earth is fresh, the bending tree revives,
And drooping herbage lifts its head, and lives.

XXXI.

But lo ! the sun goes down ; behind the steep
It hides its wearied head, and sinks to sleep :
In all these scenes the author stands confest :
Eternal, wise, omnipotent, and blest.

NOTES

TO

THOUGHTS ON GOD.

(1) The ancients imagined, that the stars could be numbered : modern astronomy teaches, that they are innumerable.

(2) The greatness of the heavenly bodies is almost incredible. Saturn is 4000, Jupiter 8000, and the sun 1,000,000 times, larger than the earth. The sun, every day, rises in the same manner ; yet it seems always new, always cheering, and always a fresh source of pleasure.

(3) With justice did the Psalmist cry out : *mirabilis in altis Dominus!* The sea, which beats so impatiently against the sand, is restrained by the hand of its creator; retires with respect, mindful of the injunction : *usque huc venies, et non procedes amplius.* Job 38. Philosophers have in vain sought to account, in a natural manner, for the cause why the sea never passes its limits. "Quæ mare compescant causæ," says Horace, "Curve suos fines altum non exeat æquor." None can be ascribed, except the command of God.

(4) Pliny the younger justly remarks, that, at the hour of death, man remembers there is a God, and he is man. Tunc Deos, tunc

hominem esse se meminit. Many an *esprit fort* has acknowledged this truth, on his death-bed; and we may say of such;

Oculis errantibus alto

Quæsivit cælo lucem ingemuitque repertâ.

(5) Cicero, admiring the birds, says: “aves quietum requirunt ad pariendum locum; et cubilia sibi nidosque construunt; eosque quàm possunt mollissimè construunt. See Nat. Deor. Every animal has, like man, been produced by others; except the first, which was created immediately by God. Hence Cardinal Polignac says:

Nullus avis atavisque carens si exceperis unum,
Quem sator omnipotens ullo sine semine, finxit
Semina concredens olli evolvenda per ævum.

Ante Lucr.

When danger is nigh, the most timid bird becomes courageous: how do they defend their young, as if conscious that they depend on their cares! This solicitude, however, ends, as soon as the young can provide for themselves. Pliny, in his 8th book, pretends that mice take care of the old ones: “genitores fessos senectâ alunt insigni pietate.”

(6) How wonderful is it to see the birds departing in flocks at the approach of winter! On this subject many conjectures have been made. It is certain that some birds cross the sea, while others remain in crags, rocks, &c.

(7) “Turrigeros elephantorum miramur humeros,” says Pliny: but what perfection and incomprehensible beauty does not the smallest insect present! In his tam parvis atque tam nullis quam inextricabilis perfectio.

(8) The power of speech is peculiar to man alone. Other animals have, it is true, the organs of speech, but to the words they are taught to articulate, no thought is connected.

(9) There never was a nation but adored some God: you may find cities without walls, says Plutarch, without kings, without

theatres; but you will find none without Gods, without sacrifices to obtain favours, and avert misfortunes. *Multi de diis, says Cicero, prava sentiunt. Omnes tamen esse vim et naturam divinam censent.*

It is certain, therefore, and no one in his senses can deny it, there is a God, infinite, eternal, incomprehensible. This God we are bound to serve in the manner which he requires of us. *Omnes totius orbis in hoc consentiunt quod existat supremum ens.*



THOUGHTS ON MAN.

PART I.

“Voilà l’homme en effet.”—*Boileau.*

THOUGHTS ON MAN.

I.

DARK is the fate of man ; where'er he strays,
Vengeance pursues him on his cheerless ways.
Yet breathe there many, who have long forgot
Their wretched fate, and many feel it not.
“What have we lost!” the sons of Pride exclaim, (1)
“Pleasure and sorrow are to us the same.
The sting of sorrow smarts us for a day,
The next, we sport in pleasure's brightest ray.
All objects vary : to the silent night
(’Tis nature’s law) succeeds the cheerful light.
To winter stern, the lovelier season yields,
And snow and flowers, in turn, usurp the fields.
Yon smiling harvest, glory of the dale,
Now feels the north, and now the eastern gale.
Disorder is Creation’s law below ;
And does not order from disorder grow?
Break not your peace, O mortal man, be wise :
By Pleasure’s voice God calls you to the skies.”

II.

Alas ! *I* hear the voice of vengeance sound ;
All nature spreads a scene of mis'ry round.
Reason informs me, that this world is changed,
Its order ruined, and its peace deranged.

III.

The guiltless man, my brother, hath no cause
To tremble at the rigour of the laws.
Search the dark galley, find a fettered slave
Unjustly doomed to tug the ocean wave—
Is there one *innocently* fettered? no ;
Their crimes have chained them to the bench of woe.

IV.

Then turn we from the galley, to survey
Objects more sad, more pitiful than they.
Those mournful dwellings of disease and pains,
Where anguish pines, and poverty complains.
O nature ! when such objects strike the eye,
E'en thou recoil'st from thy own misery !

V.

Hark ! how the victim agonizing cries !
What groans, what screams, unheeded by the skies.
On death he calls, whose fatal image stands
Each moment threat'ning to dissolve the bands

Of wretched life : ('tis what he longs to see)
The slightest stroke can set the victim free.
Alas ! what sufferings man is doomed to bear,
Pride's unbelieving sons may witness here.
But how canst thou, benignant Heaven, permit (2)
A fate so sad, and wilt not better it !
How can the ears of Providence be closed
To him, whose hopes in Providence reposed.
'Tis just ; Heaven from this law can never swerve,
Man must be punished as his crimes deserve.

VI.

O Death ! thou welcome messenger below,
Sent from the grave to terminate our woe, (3)
Sweet as the peace of slumber to that breast,
Which long had heaved the heavy throb, oppress.

VII.

Yet thou art dreadful to the fools, who dare
Invoke thy dark assistance, in despair.
At thy approach, the bravest hero's soul
Dissolves, and horrors o'er his bosom roll.
Oh ! let us own it ; when their end is nigh,
Heroes, alike, and cowards, trembling die.

VIII.

But whence this dark alarm ! my kindred friend ?
Because with death their fondest pleasures end.
By all forsaken, they the world forsake ;
And what they stored by labour, others take.
Sick with the pleasures of a lengthened feast,
We freely leave it, and retire to rest ;
But man, though Heaven a thousand years should
give,
A thousand others still would wish to live.
But since he's mortal, why is he afraid
To pay that tribute, which must once be paid !

IX.

We should remember, when we part with time,
'Tis not the debt of nature, but of crime.
Sad tribute ! see, the infant of a day,
Expiring cries : *by sin I'm torn away !*

X.

But when to pay that tribute I prepare,
And sigh to Heaven above in fervent prayer,
To teach my heart the truth it longs to find,
What clouds of darkness gather on the mind !
Ah ! spite of effort, often wrapt, and lost,
In mists of wonder, then the mind errs most ;

'Tis then the soul is *matter* and *compound*:
Oh let such ignorance our pride confound.

XI.

O thou, my only hope! how oft above
Have I not sought thee, lighted on by love!
Say, couldst thou, when I truly long for thee,
Were I not guilty, hide thyself from me?

XII.

But where's the wonder that the soul is blind,
When in the prison of the flesh confined!
There is none here: but, how the flesh contains
A simple, free-born soul in sluggish chains;
How an immortal substance can obey (4)
A mortal substance, subject to decay:
And how the meaner being can control
The nobler—flesh be master of the soul!

XIII.

Who would not fancy in God's works to see
Union divine, and peaceful harmony!
Sweet concord, by the kind Creator given;
And order modelled after that of heaven.

XIV.

What harmony is this ! the senses rise
Against their law, dictated by the skies.
What unity ! two beings conjoin'd in me,
By wise Omnipotence, cannot agree !
Unwilling, each, dominion to resign,
Foes of each other, greater foes of mine.

XV.

Yes, I have said it, crime hath broke the chain
Of peace and concord, destined here to reign.
To God's high laws, the soul, rebellious grown,
Finds the proud flesh rebellious to her own.
And thus debased, though destined to obey,
The flesh, rebelling, will not own her sway.
To what ignoble pleasure, which the law
Giv'n by the soul, forbids me, doth it draw !
O nature ! how degenerate is man !
Impelled to objects he resists in vain. (5)
Objects that cannot please. In his own sky,
"What pleasure this," the Mussulman will cry.
If *such* be, Mahomed, our happy state,
Thy saints will soon grow weary of their fate !

XVI.

Amid those transports, though we cannot hush
The rising whisper, still at it we blush.

Acknowledge here the ruinous remain
Of that blest virtue, nothing can restrain.
What clouds impervious to the sunbeam's light (6)
Are gathering, Ida, on thy lofty height!
There prudent Homer hides from mortal eyes
The queen of earth and sovereign of the skies.
Well may we blush at luxury's effects;
But why, for joys, which wisdom's law directs—
Why for those pleasures which no guilt bespeak,
Rises the blush upon the modest cheek!
O fairest virtue! thou wilt e'er proclaim
Man's only glory, and his only shame!

XVII.

Thus, my fond brother, when around I view
Our pilgrim path, which woes and sorrows strew;
When ague freezes, or when fever heats,
Or when the flesh the hungry cancer eats,
Or when those evils, which we dare not name
But to afflict our nature, or to shame—
When all let loose impel us to despair,
Of all our woes, the soul, too, hath its share.
And 'midst this scene of trouble and of woe,
Blind man *will* deem his resting place below!

XVIII.

Oh what disorder ! but while we deplore
The moral chaos, still we kneel, adore ;
In all, acknowledge the eternal cause,
Who wisely order from disorder draws. (7)
A God of vengeance ; but a father too ;
Who ne'er inflicts the rigour which is due.
Did not his hand the human race sustain,
And poise creation, all would sink again.
What are we then ! poor, frail, dependent slaves ;
One day on earth ; the next day in our graves.
'Tis true then, brother, all that meets the eyes
Proclaims : *tho' man's a fool, yet God is wise.*

THOUGHTS ON MAN.

PART II.

“Os hominum sublime dedit.”—*Ovid.*

THOUGHTS ON MAN.

I.

MAN, from his birth, bears stamped upon his heart (1)
A law, from which he trembles to depart.
But if that law, sole bond of human kind,
Be not, with caution, fostered by the mind,
And, if our duty known, dictated right
By law, by counsel, by example bright,
Produce not, by the kind effects of grace,
That virtue, which adorns the human race,
Pride, my fond brother, (so our fates ordain)
Will o'er the heart usurp tyrannic reign.
Will scatter o'er it his empoisoned seeds,
Productive cause of briars, thorns, and weeds.

II.

And since so dark, so common are our woes,
Why do men heighten them, by being foes!
Yes, man is man's worst enemy; and why

Thus speed the tardy vengeance of the sky.
What revolutions! horrors, carnage, hate!
What brutal deeds among the low and great!
What tears, what woes, what tragical events
The bloody page of history presents! (2)

III.

Dispersed, ferocious, barbarous, and bold,
Men wandered lawless in their woods of old.
And tho' the oak-club was their direst arms,
They filled the plains with murder and alarms.
Yes, what our fathers were, in ancient years,
A savage woman, of our days, declares. (3)
The prowling beast, companion of her wood,
Still warm and panting, formed her nicest food.
From earliest youth she ranged the forest round,
And stained, with her companion's blood, the
ground.

Why to her fury could she sacrifice
The one, united by so many ties;
Whom age and manners should have rendered dear?
Learn hence, my brother, what our fathers were.

IV.

When Orpheus charmed, his lyre the powerful cause,
The wandering savage under settled laws,
How long did he, thus civilized, remain

The humble captive of his tuneful strain?
Let man examine well, and he will find,
Chains; gibbets, tortures, civilized mankind.
Behold antiquity's most peaceful state !
Kings walked preceded by the pomp of fate.
Soldiers and lictors sternly marched before,
To force submission, and the laws ensure.

V.

Turn now the happiest cities to survey ;
Did their blest days in concord melt away ?
When his just law the prudent sage decreed,
Did quiet, then, and happy peace succeed ? (4)
No, hear them :—" Seek the instruments of war,
Prepare for bloodshed, and for death prepare.
Bid the bright swords leap from their fatal sheathes,
And spread a thousand new invented deaths.
The poisoned javelin, the arrow light,
Winged with wild feathers to assist its flight :
Beneath our battering rams, the stubborn wall,
Beneath the lance, our foes too slowly fall.
Invent new implements ; the martial drum, (5)
The thund'ring cannon, and infernal bomb.
Tear down those ramparts ; dart amidst the foe ;
O'er the wide waters let your canvass blow.
Board the tall bark, concealed in clouds of smoke,
Slash the thick cordage, lift the boarding hook.

Let iron, wind, and fire, and angry waves,
Combine to slay, or make the foe your slaves."

VI.

Alas! what cause such ravages excite!
What view can urge the *savage* on to fight!
Wand'ring and naked, will he fix a bound,
And mark the enemy his destined ground?
No; seek the cause in unrelenting hate, (6)
Evinced so dreadful in the captive's fate.

VII.

When the proud day of torture is at hand,
Around their prey the festive conquerors stand;
The victim bound, undaunted, lies the while,
And urges on the torment with a smile:
He sees the flesh, torn piecemeal from the bone,
And spite of nature, will not heave a groan.
Whilst the thick blood drops from the mother's
breast,
Still close she keeps her darling infant prest.
Instead of milk, the cloggy blood he draws,
And of such horror, hatred is the cause.

VIII.

Domitian, Nero, ye whose tyrant souls
Made the earth suffer to its farthest poles, (7)

Whilst subject nations lay before your feet
Whatever pleasures in their countries meet;
Why, in your transports, will you still aspire
To the dark pleasures of the funeral pyre?
From deeds like Nero's what reflections flow!
Thus far, unchecked, can human nature go.
Thus he who wanders, as his passions tend,
Will surely turn a monster in the end.

IX.

Who does not love, whene'er the tempest raves, (8)
To watch his neighbour buffeting the waves?
'Tis true—those objects we should most detest,
Allure the heart, and please the bosom best.
Another's woes can always satisfy—
And oft, unmoved, man sees his brother die.

X.

What scenes of horror, shame of human kind,
In ancient states, and governments, we find!
Rome, whose proud spirit did not blush to brand
The name Barbarian on each foreign land,
Delighted to prolong her feasts of gore,
And stain, with human blood, the circus floor.
There, in the jaws of the voracious bear,
With groans, the expiring victim fills the air.
But see the stubborn gladiator die!

Pierced to the soul, he utters not a sigh.
And should his nature, vigorous and strong,
In horrid pain his agony prolong,
What signs of dark approval are display'd,
By the grave senator, and vestal maid ! (9)

XI.

What law could calm such passions, and refine
Such brutal feelings? thine, Religion, thine !
And ye first guardians of Religion here,
Whom, by the name of fathers, we revere,
What tears ye shed, and often, too, in vain, (10)
To inspire in man humanity again.

XII.

In vain Religion's laws revenge forbid ;
The sword pursues us, in the mantle hid.
That deadly instrument becomes a pride ;
And, from our youth, it glitters at our side.
Yes, e'en 'mongst friends, how deeply has the sword
Revenged a gesture, or imprudent word !
And, what is worse, how often hath it laid
Its kindred low, beneath the midnight shade,
Griped in *his* hand, he never dreamed to fear,
And who, perhaps, had sworn to be sincere.
The voice of flattery ; the warm embrace ;
The splendid promise, and the smiling face,

Are often sepulchres, which hide beneath
A heart of hatred, and a hand of death.
O cruel foe ! why seek the shades of night !
Burst from thy cloud, and strike me in the light.

XIII.

Think'st thou, my brother, I delight to see
The woes of discord, pain, and misery ?
O no ; a bright contentment cheers my mind,
When a fair object, like thyself, I find.
Of those, who linger tost from wave to wave,
Heaven has its favourites, whom it loves to save.
How may we know them ? By that peace that smiles,
And sheds a sunshine on their darkest toils.
By that calm forehead, where enthroned are seen
Benignant joy, and innocence serene.
In such, of men the glory and the pride,
In such alone, I peacefully confide :
Strangers alike to fiction and deceit,
Within their bosoms truth and candour meet.

XIV.

Alas ! to virtue we are all inclined ; (11)
We bear her dictates printed on the mind ;
All own her loveliness : yet very few
Are found her holy dictates to pursue.
The path is plain ; but ah ! designed by hell,

Amongst mankind some jealous fiend must dwell :
Ere yet on earth his flaming throne he fixed,
He reigned above with heavenly spirits mixed.
But 'gainst that God, whom trembling pow'rs adore,
The rebel angel fired his peers to war,
Legions arose—heaven trembled at the sight,
The signal sounded, and prepared for fight.
The Eternal frowned : subdued, the rebel fell,
Pursued by thunder, to the gulphs of hell.

XV.

Amid those regions of eternal fire,
Rolling around his eye-balls, sparkling ire,
Oh ! what a scene of misery appears !
Each on his rack, lie fettered his compeers.
There tortured, motionless, and speechless all,
Companions of his crime, and of his fall.
He, fired with madness, gathering strength again,
Broke the deep silence, in this horrid strain :

XVI.

“ Cherubs ! (ye now deserve your title most !)
Cherubs ! Archangels ! say, what have ye lost ?
Our enemy hath conquered—it is true ;
But with the fight, have ye lost courage too ?
What have we lost ? when in our late abode,
Had we no master to obey, no God ?

Raise here our thrones, though deemed abandoned things,
Our hell's a heaven, Peers, and we its Kings.
And if undaunted ye will rise again,
O'er countless subjects, mark me, ye shall reign.
The new-born sons of earth, 'tis so decreed,
Are destined in our places to succeed.
The tree hath risen; poison now the root,
And it will always yield corrupted fruit.
In these new favourites, objects of such love,
Predestined all to our bright thrones above,
Inspire those deadly thoughts, by which we fell,
And people, with their souls, these realms of hell.
Pollute their innocence, corrupt their will,
And with illusions dark their bosoms fill.
There is a God of virtue, be we Gods of ill. (12)
We reigned as angels; now as Gods we reign:
The earth our temple, and our victims men.
Rise up to battle! in your courage trust,
If peace contents us not, destruction must."

XVII.

Thus, my fond brother, did the fiend project:
And has not man experienced the effect?
How they have raged, the wretched world may tell,
Still smarting, panting with the wounds of hell.

But be consoled ; the day is hurrying near,
When heaven again shall check their mad career.
Till then, on *his* kind bosom let us rest,
Who from the worst can e'er produce the best.

NOTES

TO

THOUGHTS ON MAN.

PART I.

(1) *What have we lost, &c.* This is unfortunately the language of that philosophy, which has become so fashionable in this age. They are particularly the leading sentiments of some authors, who are so well known, that to hint at them, will be to name them.

(2) *But how can'st thou, &c.* Man is the image of God, therefore, every pain that is inflicted on him, is inflicted on the image of God. Who, then, could imagine that God would torment his own likeness, without any cause? We were created originally to be happy in this world, and then to be translated to supreme felicity; but by transgressing the easy command of our creator, we were doomed to death, and all the miseries that precede death: this transgression then, was free, absolute, and deter-

mined; not the effect of weakness, but of pride and self sufficiency: in consequence of which, all these evils and calamities that surround us have been let loose amongst us. The incredulous, therefore, who lays so much stress on the moral and physical evils of life, cannot substantiate any kind of sophistic reasoning, when we know that they are not the effect of God's unjustness, but of our sins.

(3) *O death! thou welcome*, &c. To the pious Christian nothing is more welcome than death: he longs to be liberated from this scene of confusion, and be united to the object of his hopes: but to the infidel and the wicked, the most horrible and awful news is that they are about to die: they tremble at the idea of undergoing that trial before God, which they feel they must undergo, although they have been endeavouring to persuade the world that such things as hell or heaven, were tales of the simple. If we dread so much to see a dead person, or to behold him struggling in his agony, what must it be to experience it ourselves? It is true that some of the most incredulous have died calmly, but that calmness was either affected, or else, which is more probable, the effect of their sickness, and a punishment of God. But generally they all die like their patriarch the unfortunate Voltaire.

(4) *How an immortal*, &c. God possessing infinite perfections, could not consistently with them, have formed us in our present condition. He could not unite the soul and body together in such a manner that they would always be in discord; he could not make the soul subject to the flesh. The order of creation has been entirely subverted. God could not be the cause of that subversion, therefore we must have been the cause. We are the cause why the flesh is forever rebelling, why the soul is dragged away, oftentimes involuntarily, to the most shameful thoughts and imaginations: this disorder by no means proves the mortality of the soul, it only shows that we are in a state of punishment.

(5) *Impelled to objects, &c.* I do not mean that we have not power to resist and refuse to consent to those objects; but I wish to signify, that in spite of our best efforts, the fancy is frequently attacked by impure and sinful representations, which in themselves, however, are so far from injuring us, unless we give our free consent, that they procure us an increase of merit.

(6) *What clouds impervious, &c.* Any one who is acquainted with the 24th Iliad of Homer, will know to what I allude.

(7) *Who wisely order, &c.* As Pope seriously declared in a letter to Racine that his opinions were exactly those of Fenelon, I am inclined to think that his meaning in the famous *Whatever is, is right*, was this: That although there be universal disorder, it is *right* that it should be, since man has deserved and caused it. This is a correct and orthodox opinion, the opinion of us all; and this seems more certainly his meaning from the preceding line: "In spite of pride, in erring reason's spite"—though the reason of the incredulous would tell them that it is not *right*, it is unjust that such disorder should exist, yet it is *clear*, that on account of our own sins, *whatever is, is right*. Pope lived and died a Catholic; and submitted his essay to the decisions of the Catholic church. These are his words to Racine: "I most readily imitate (Fenelon) in submitting all my opinions to the decisions of the church."

NOTES

TO

THOUGHTS ON MAN.

PART II.

(1) *Man, from his birth, &c.* Every man, the most savage, has what philosophers call the *prima principia* impressed on his soul, which he cannot violate, without feeling that he acts wrong: men, according to their different states, may err in the conclusions which they draw from these principals; but they can never err in the substance of them: for instance, every one knows, that we must use our parents well; it is a law of nature. Some, however, interpret its meaning one way, some another; one savage people will conclude, therefore when our parents grow old, we must kill them to put them out of misery; another, therefore we must take care of them in their old age, assist them, and ease their afflictions. Yet, all allowed that *they must do good to their parents*, and if they neglected it, they felt a remorse of conscience.

(2) *What tears, what woes, &c.* We need only turn over the history of ancient Rome or Greece, or any other nation, to find the truth of this. Rollin regrets that there is a great deal more to disgrace human nature in history, than to honour it. Alexander conquered a world only to fill it with murder, cruelty, and depredation.

(3) *A savage woman, of our days, &c.* See the Notes to Racine's "Poëme de la Religion."

(4) *Did quiet, then, and happy peace, &c.* Since the foundation of empires, the world has never been without wars. What does Tacitus remark of the old Germans: "Arare terram non tam facile persuaseris quàm vulnera mereri." Envy or pride was always the instigating motives of war. Seneca says, (and it is particularly applicable to Alexander and Cæsar,) their glory was "occisarum genus gloriosum scelus."

(5) *Invent new implements, &c.* Arrows, javelins, lances, broad swords, and all the instruments which preceded our cannons and bombs, &c., could not suffice. Men had imbibed such a thirst of murdering, that they all united to invent something more. Then came the cannon, which is the most dreadful instrument, then the bomb, &c., &c.

(6) *No; seek the cause in unrelenting hate.* Savages war with each other, only because their fathers were enemies. They certainly do not dispute the extent of their dominions, &c. Those dominions are free to all; they are as extensive as the desert. They fight because they cannot live without fighting. And how do they treat their prisoners? Juvenal can tell us in 15th Satire:

Longum usque adeo, tardumque putavit

Expectare focos contenta cadavere crudo.

They devour him alive—or torture him to death, and then feast upon his flesh. We need only be acquainted with the customs of some of our own Indians, to have a correct idea of the barbarity and horrors, which human nature in its abandoned and

uncivilized condition, is capable of committing. The most polished nations too, have been guilty of shameful barbarity, in sacrificing human victims on the altars of paganism.

(7) *Domitian, Nero, &c.* To these monsters of cruelty we may add a Caligula, a Dionysius of Syracuse, a Phalaris of Agrigentum, an Alexander of Pheres, a Herod of Judæa, a Christern of Denmark, an Alphonsus the cruel, &c.

(8) *Who does not love, &c.* Lucretius says :

“ Suave mari magno turbantibus æquora ventis
E terrâ majorum alterius spectare laborem.”

I do not mean here that reasonable persons delight in seeing another suffer, but with Lucretius, I wish to say :

——“ quibus ipse malis careas quâ cernere suave est.”

There never was a person hanged, but there always was a throng of spectators around the gallows. “ Dans l’adversité même de nos amis (says M. de la Rochefoucauld) nous trouvons toujours quelque chose qui ne nous déplaît pas.” Children love to see little animals suffer; what pleasure does not the school boy take in killing a rabbit or a squirrel.

(9) *By the grave senator and vestal maid.* A poet has described the pleasure the Vestals took in seeing the Gladiator tortured :

“ At quoties Victor ferrum jugulo inserit ; illa
Delicias ait esse suas, pectusque jacentis,
Virgo modesta jubet converso pollice rumpi.”

(10) *What tears ye shed, &c.* The pious Emperors Constantine and Honorius endeavoured to abolish these shows or spectacles, but in spite of their exertions, they were not destroyed till the reign of Theodoric.

(11) *Alas ! to virtue we are, &c.* Quintilian says “ Natura nos ad mentem optimam genuit. But virtue, by the sin of our father, is now so far from being natural, that no one can be virtuous

without the particular grace of his Creator. The demon who promised to make us like gods, has made us more like himself.

(12) *There is a God, &c.* The magi of Persia admitted two Gods, one of good and the other of evil : the former was called *Orosmades*, and he was eternal ; the other *Arimanius*, and he was created. They were always to be enemies, till the end of the world, when one should reign over the just, the other over the wicked.

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BY JAMES M. SMITH
IN TWO VOLUMES
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CONQUEST
OF
COZUMEL AND TOBASCO.

PART I.

COZUMEL.

“ Trofei della costanza.—*Pastorini.*”

COZUMEL.

I.

GENIUS of Rome ! whilst o'er thy Poets' graves,
The wild flower blossoms, and the cypress waves,
May I, a pilgrim on thy hallowed plains,
Invoke thy spirit, in these early strains?
Oh ! in my bosom breathe thy classic fire,
And string, with rapture's chords, my foreign lyre.

II.

Lo ! o'er yon plain, where sloping Tibur lies (1)
Half lost in mist, the bluish mountains rise.
Here, piles of ruins top the hoary hill ;
There, rolls the stream so famed, and rapid still. (2)
Here, frowns a temple ; there, a tomb appears,
And there, its head the mighty column rears.
Yonder, Tarpeia's formidable height,
And the proud arch of triumph, meet the sight.
Say, could I muse amid such scenes of song
In silence ? No, the muses I should wrong.

III.

And thou, my friend, receive, if thou wilt deign
To stoop thy genius to this humble strain,
Receive the song; forsake all higher things;
Attend the verse a youthful poet sings.
And tho' he languish o'er an ill-strung lyre,
Thy Genius, Rome, his bosom will inspire.

IV.

Born for the field, the daring child of Fame, (3)
From Medelina warlike Cortes came.
And tho' by fortune in his country blest,
A scene of glory opened in the west.
Far o'er its woods, in stern oppression's spite,
Propitious heaven had shed a glorious light.

V.

"Sons of the brave, if still in Spain there be,
Arise! with Cortes pass the dreadful sea."
The signal sounded; and a valiant band
Depart intrepid to the new found land.
The fresh'ning breezes swell the spreading sail,
And soon, Cozumel's distant Isle they hail. (4)

VI.

Upon the desert coast, prepared for fight,
With cheerful hearts, the fearless heroes light.

When from the mountains, black'ning towards the
shores,
A furious deluge of the natives pours.
With horrid clamours, and tumultuous sounds,
And barbarous yells, the dreary plain rebounds.
Shocked at the scene, confusion and alarm
Unnerved, awhile, the stoutest warrior's arm.
So when the prowling wolf exulting goes,
In quest of prey, among his harmless foes,
If, when he deems his way from danger free,
He chance afar the sudden dog to see,
He starts, unmindful of his destined prey,
And towards the desert speeds his hurried way.

VII.

Thus had they fled, had Cortes not repress
Their first affright, and boldly thus address:
“Courage my Spaniards! tho' the Cacique sends
His legions on us, we are armed, my friends!
Remember, when we left our native Spain,
We spurned the dangers we must here sustain.
Which of us dreamed, that on these barb'rous shores
We'd wave our banners, without bloody wars?
Why fear we then? their spears and brittle darts
Will never penetrate these well-mailed hearts;
While from afar our cannon-ball shall play,
And sweep, unseen, their myriads away.

And thus, at length, the mighty conquest won,
This Isle shall deem us children of the sun.
But see, they're on us! rise, my Spaniards, bold,
And reap this field of glory, and of gold."

VIII.

He ceased; firm on the plain his warriors staid;
And on the foe the cannon thunder sped.
The affrighted mountains shake beneath the sound,
And back, confused, the panting Indians bound.

But soon, unarmed, returning to the plain,
In scattered bodies, they appear again.
Then venturing nigh, for peace they loudly call,
And on the sand, in suppliant postures, fall.

As when, at night, the watchful mastiff lies,
And growling, at the passing stranger flies;
If to the door his unknown master makes,
At him, alike, he furiously takes.
But when his voice the faithful creature hears,
He fawns around—and hangs his tail—and fears.

IX.

The Indians, mingling with the stranger band,
Present the daintiest products of their land.
Their love of peace the Spaniards' smiles exprest,
Whom thus, subdued, the bold Cacique addrest:
"Strangers, where'er your god-like fathers dwell,

On nobler heads the dews of heaven ne'er fell.
Sprung from the Gods, from them ye learned to
throw
The bolts of thunder on your shrinking foe.
Beneath your feet our arms of war shall lie,
They cannot strike you, Brothers of the sky.
Within your shade the tree of peace shall grow,
And stand eternal as that mountain's brow :
And of that friendly tree no leaf shall fade,
If ye withdraw not your congenial shade."

X.

Thus the Cacique, inspired by nature, said,
And to the ground inclined his feathered head—
"Prince of the Isle, Cozumel, at whose side
Hangs the swift arrow," Cortes thus replied :
"Thou, round whose person warlike chiefs attend,
Peace to thy soul, my ally, and my friend."

Thus having spoke, around his neck he threw
A beauteous ribbon of cerulean hue ;
Drew from the sheath, and waved the glittering
sword,
Whilst o'er their heads the harmless cannon roared.

XI.

Along the coast, embosomed in the wood, (5)
Of uncouth shape, an ancient temple stood.

High in the clouds its savage tow'rs were reared,
From which a town, and spreading bay appeared.
Upon the altar, huge Cozumel frowned,
Judging the Isle, and dealing fate around.
In his right hand the lightning fires he bore,
The left, extended stiff with human gore.
His cheeks were bloated, and his eye balls red,
His belly monstrous, horrid was his head.
A frightful figure; yet with awe profound,
Before their God the Indians knelt around.
While clothed in fur, a venerable priest
Slew the fat victim, and the crowd address:
“Great is our God who feasts on guilty blood!”
“Great is our God,” resounded through the wood.

XII.

Shocked at the scene, amid the silent crowd,
Thus to the Cacique Cortes spoke aloud:
“Prince of the Isles, deem'st thou that monster
hears
My Spaniards' curses, or thy subjects' prayers!
How can that figure, once a growing tree
In thine own woods, be now thy Deity!
No; from *my* God all blessings must descend;
Adore that God, if thou wilt be my friend.”

XIII.

“The rites of worship, Lord,” the chief replied,
“Not in the Ruler, but the Priest reside :
He, taught by heaven, the God’s own secret knows,
Which to the world t’were fatal to disclose.
Yet if thou wilt, Prince of the ruddy east,
With thee shall speak Cozumel’s fur-clothed Priest.”

XIV.

He spoke ; and soon the Indian Priest appeared,
And Cortes’ reas’ning with attention heard :
But when he ceased, extending towards the sky
His tawny arms, he raised a hideous cry :
“Cursed be the wretch, who dares disturb our rites,
In which alone our Island God delights !
Who dares our mighty God a monster call,
On him, the thunder of his wrath shall fall.
Cozumel, who, ere yet the moon was made,
Or the bright sun his blazing form displayed,
By his own radiant eyes enlightened here,
Grasped the stout arrow, and pursued the deer ;
Was known, and honoured, many a moon before
This eastern stranger landed on our shore.
And he, who dares pollute his dread abode,
Will feel, too late, Cozumel is our God.”

XV.

Yet Cortes, heedless of the threats he spoke,
The monstrous God before the Indians broke :
And sternly bade them, as they wept around,
Level their favourite temple with the ground :
And soon (the Priest loud shrieking 'tis unjust)
They laid their turrets level with the dust.
Like some tall poplar, or some mountain oak,
Which long had groaned beneath the axe's stroke,
Till hewed away, it reels beneath the wound,
And headlong tumbles with a crashing sound.

XVI.

Meanwhile a skiff with armed Indians mann'd, (6)
With rapid course seemed bearing towards the land.
Quick to their arms, as on the shores they light,
The Spaniards hasten, and prepare for fight ;
But on the strand the idle bow they threw,
And half-affrighted to the army drew,
Led on by one, who uttered as he came :
" I am a Christian ! Eia is my name."

XVII.

A Christian thou ! a Christian thus distress !
Brave Cortes cried, and clasped him to his breast.
While on the ground his firm companions lay,
Moistening their hands with spittle ; and with clay

(No truer pledge of reverence they impart)
Their naked bosoms stroking near the heart.

XVIII.

Then being clothed, and having largely ate,
He thus commenced his fortune to relate:
“O’er the wild waves, to seek provision, sent,
Our doubtful course to Darien we bent:
When suddenly Yucatan’s rocks arose,
Through which the mazy stream impetuous flows.
Behind our stern the furious tempest blew,
And headlong on the hidden shoals we flew.
Upon the sands the grating keel ran deep,
And o’er the deck the seas began to sweep:
The signal sounds: ‘the pinnace launch amain,
And urge the oar until the land we gain.’
Swift as the signal, down the stern she glides,
And on the billows of the ocean rides—
Confusedly throng’d we tugg’d the pond’rous oar,
Till Fortune guided to the longed-for shore.
But sad to tell, scarce had we reached the land,
Than on the coast appeared a savage band:
Like furious tigers on their prey they sped,
Slaughtered my friends, and feasted on the dead.
But me, more happy, they deferr’d to slay,
A victim destined for some festive day.
But ere that time, assisted by the night,

I burst my fetters, and with hurried flight,
O'er mountains bleak, and woods that know no end,
Sped my long way, until I found a friend.
In these new lands a chieftain holds domain,
To foes inveterate, but to friends humane;
To him I fled; who feeling for my grief,
Bade me repose, and promised me relief.
With him I dwelt, till by kind fortune led,
To you my friends, my brothers, I have fled."

CONQUEST
OF
COZUMEL AND TOBASCO.

PART II.

TOBASCO.

“Trofei della costanza e del consiglia.”—*Pastorini*.



TOBASCO.

I.

“THE lovely morning, and inviting breeze (1)
Call us again, my Spaniards, on the seas.
Lords of Cozumel and its winding bay,
To other conquests steer your prosperous way.
Embark your spoils; behold the canvass swell,
Weigh the firm anchor, bid these shores farewell.”
Hernando thus; the playful zephyr sings,
And high in air the vessel spreads her wings.

II.

As when the eagle from some rocky height,
Spreads her broad wings, and cleaves her lofty flight,
At first impetuous they clap aloud,
Then smooth expand, and skim along the cloud:
So they, enriched with spoils, triumphant steer,
Till high Tobasco's azure cliffs appear.
Like some dense cloud, foreboding storm and rain,

The misty mountain brooded on the main.
And as the farewell sunbeams kissed the lands,
The ponderous anchor cleaved the groaning sands.

III.

Around the bark the furious nation swarms,
Shrieking aloud, and brandishing their arms.
Their hostile views brave Cortes marked afar,
And fired his heroes on to glorious war.
“Level your war-dogs; let them only bark,
And how these hosts will scatter thro’ the dark!”
Loud rang their thunder; while their livid light
Gleamed terrible along the shades of night.
Forthwith tumultuous from the sea-girt coast,
In wild disorder sped the Indian host.
Then generous Cortes: “I will watch to-night;
Rest ye, my friends, to-morrow you must fight.”

IV.

Composed to sleep, they dream of savage sounds,
While Cortes walks the solitary rounds.
One slays the Cacique: in another’s heart,
With mortal fury sinks the quivering dart.
Pained to the soul, he heaves a dying scream,
Awakes, looks round, and finds it was a dream.

V.

Another, wand'ring, sees the tempting mine
With purest gold or glittering silver shine:
Careful he gathers; and, enriched with gain,
Returns, in triumph, to his native Spain.

VI.

Beyond the watery world another roves,
In fancied pleasure with the friends he loves:
Removed from danger, he recounts with care
The lands he traversed, and his deeds in war.
Displays his spoils—but rudely roused from sleep,
He still lies lingering on the Indian deep.

VII.

Now robed in purple, shedding ruby smiles,
The dewy morning dances o'er the isles.
Before her face disperse the shades of night;
And conscious nature teems with early light:
With glowing tints she streaks the orient way,
And hangs a bright pavilion for the day.

VIII.

Loosed from the chains of slumber, towards the land
They haste, and quickly gain the marshy strand.
Sunk in the mire, (the Indian's artful snare,)
Behind the hills they hear the yell of war:

Swift o'er their heads dense showers of arrows fly ;
But harmless sings the feathered vengeance by.
Soon from the mountain's height tumultuous pours
An inundation, on the sounding shores.
Crowds press on crowds, and heads o'er heads arise ;
Shouts, yells, and tumult, echo to the skies.

IX.

“Rouse ye, my Spaniards ; force your tangled way :
They come in torrents, be ye men to day !”
Thus Cortes cried ; the war-steeds, uncompelled,
Leap from the mire, and thunder to the field.
Swift as the wind, they proudly rush amain,
Beneath their hoofs resounds the smoking plain :
They dash amongst them, while the broadsword
hews

The compact Indians, and the field o'erstrews
With piles of wounded, and unnumbered dead :
And shrieking, back, the panting myriads fled.
As when, thick grazing, hear the timid fawns
The huntsman shouting o'er the silent lawns,
They start, forgetful of their flowery food,
And swiftly dart beneath the shelt'ring wood—
So they, unmindful of their promised prey,
With light'ning footsteps beat the sandy way.
Distained with blood, the neighing steeds return,
Stamp their light feet, and still for battle burn.

But Cortes, wise, their warlike fire repress,
And, safe from danger, ordered them to rest.

X.

Not far, sequestered from the field of blood,
The island's hope, the town Tobasco stood.
With trunks of trees, and knotted stakes hemm'd
round,
Like palisadoes, sunk into the ground.
Thro' which alone, each fixed from each apart,
They whirled the stone, or shot the nimble dart.
And at the narrow entrance of the town
Huge piles of stone, and two rough turrets frown.
Here, sent by Cortes, brave Davila came,
Well skilled in war, and not unknown to fame.
Through devious deserts, and unbeaten plains
He marched in silence, till the town he gains.
His eager Spaniards, resolute tho' few,
In martial files before the tow'rs he drew.
Soon round their ears the poisoned arrows sing,
The pebble whizzes from the sounding string.
Dense show'rs of darts obscure the troubled air,
And huge rough rocks fell dreadful on the rear.

XI.

High on the tower young Zapoalla stood,
The Cacique's son, surnamed the child of blood.

The sinew'd bow, with mighty force he bent,
And with sure aim the certain arrow sent.
He marks Davila from the throng apart,
And from his faithful quiver draws a dart,
“Twang went the bow:” upon Davila’s shield
It rang, but harmless fell upon the field.
He aims another; o’er the ensanguined plain,
It sped tremendous, but it failed again:
Another struck; but glided from his shield,
And spread his neighbour prostrate on the field.
Pierced thro’ the heart the writhing victim lay,
And in short pantings breathed his soul away.
But as a fourth he aimed, with desperate might,
The faithful cannon swept him from his height.

XII.

Then on the foe, with tenfold fury dashed
The Christian warriors, while the broadsword
 slashed,
(Their shields drove back the arrows as they poured)
And ’gainst the tow’rs the thundering cannon roared.
Down fell the tow’rs—affrighted at the fall,
The shrieking Indians leave the ruined wall,
And, unpursued, in dreary wilds repair,
To offer victims to the god of war.
Three days around his statue they adored,
And at his feet the blood of victims poured.

Then o'er the woods, in separate bodies go,
To wait in ambush, the unguarded foe.

XIII.

Six suns went down, and not a man appeared ;
This deep, foreboding stillness Cortes feared.
A chosen guard he orders to explore (2)
The secret windings of the desert shore.
This Lugo led, to every toil inured,
Though manhood scarce his judgment had matured.
Another band to Avelard he gave ;
Not rashly desperate, but discreetly brave.
Around the coast he wound, with silent pace,
And boldly tempted every hidden place—
While through the woods, serene and undismay'd,
The vigorous Lugo resolutely stray'd.
But in the desert, on the mountains round,
Or round the coast, no enemy was found.
Struck at the mystery, to the embattled plain
The disappointed warriors marched again.
But scarce arrived, than dismal yells afar
Rose like the thunder—and portended war.

XIV.

“To arms, my heroes ! o'er the coast I hear
The storm approaching—see them—they appear !
Armed with the arrow, and prepared to fling

The certain death-shot from the whizzing sling.
The plains are blackened ; like the locust swarms
That clouded Egypt, arms are prest on arms !
Meet them with spirit, and this day, my friends,
The peril's over, and the conquest ends."

XV.

Hernando spoke ; his prancing charger rears,
Neighs to the wind, and pricks his stately ears.
Firm in the front the mighty cannon lay,
Prepared to sweep the crowded ranks away.
Bright gleamed the naked sword in Cortes' hand,
Soon to be gluttred on this bleeding land.
The signal sounds ; fresh storms of arrows fly,
And clouds of javelins intercept the sky.
Forward they rush impetuous on the plain—
The Spaniards lift their blazing swords in vain ;
In vain destruction round, the cross-bow deals,
In vain the thunder of the cannon peals.
They fall in thousands—but new thousands rise—
Shrieks, groans, and clamours echo to the skies.
The frequent pebble battered every shield,
And the mad Indians had possessed the field,
But, dreadful, onward flew the furious steed,
Beneath whose hoofs the trampled myriads bleed ;
The host gives way : as when the north wind raves,
And from their course rolls back the darkened waves,

Surge beats on surge, and billow billow sends,
Till on the smoking rocks their fury ends.

XVI.

Thus Cortes drove them from the carnage field,
And like a storm pursues them till they yield.
To ruin doomed, the shuddering Cacique falls
On the red plain, and thus for mercy calls:
“Sons of the gods! omnipotent in war,
Immortal chief, my mortal subjects spare!”

XVII.

Hernando paused, and smiling, made reply :
“Tobasco’s emperor, thou shalt not die!
With thee in peace, my Spaniards wish to live,
If we can conquer, so can we forgive.
My dreadful force Cozumel felt before ;
I spared Cozumel, and I spare *thy* shore.”

NOTES

TO

COZUMEL.

(1) ————*where sloping Tibur lies.* Tibur, now called Tivoli.

(2) *There, rolls the stream so famed, and rapid still.*

Vorticibus rapidis et multâ flavus arenâ

In mare prorumpit.—*Virg. Æneid* 7. l. 31.

(3) *Born for the field, the daring child of Fame.* Hernando Cortes was a native of Medelin, a town of Estremadura in Spain, and being educated for a military life, resolved to push his fortune in the West Indies, whither he sailed in the year 1504, with letters of recommendation to Don Nicholas Abando, his kinsman, who was at that time governor of Hispaniola. This gentleman gave him a very kind reception, and admitted him into the number of his friends: but these favours could not divert his inclination to arms, and therefore, that Island being possessed by the Spaniards, without any opposition from the natives, he desired leave to serve in the Island of Cuba, where the war was still carried on; and having arrived there, he so far distinguished himself, as to obtain the reputation of a valiant soldier and an able commander; on which account he was made alcalde or chief

magistrate of St. Jago, a post generally conferred on those who had distinguished themselves in the conquest of those countries. Cortes was in this situation when he was recommended to Diego de Velasquez, governor of Cuba, as a person proper for making conquests on the continent, and the governor giving his approbation, a commission was instantly signed, by which Cortes was appointed Captain General of the fleet and of the countries he should discover and subdue.—*World Displayed*, Vol. I. p. 181.

(4) *And soon, Cozumel's distant Isle they hail.* Cortes set sail from Havana, after a solemn high mass, at which all were present, on the 10th of February 1519. They had this day a favourable gale; but the sun had no sooner set, than a furious storm arose, which damaged the fleet; Cortes had before sent Diego de Ordas, whose fidelity he suspected, to Guanicanico, a settlement on the other side of Cape St. Antonio. A little before the storm, he sent Pedro de Alverado in quest of him, with orders to wait for the fleet at Cape St. Antonio, but Pedro, perceiving that the tempest had driven him so far into the gulph as to render it difficult to weather the Cape, steered away for the Island Cozumel, where he awaited Cortes. Cortes arrived and landed, and marched with the troops in a body about the Island, in order to view the country and keep his men in action, when he fell in with the natives, subdued them, and exchanged glass beads and such trifles, which the simple Indians fancied they could never purchase too dear.—*Ibid.* pp. 183-4-5.

(5) *Along the coast, embosomed in the wood.* At a small distance from the coast stood a temple of an idol, which was much revered by the Indians. It was a square stone building, and no contemptible structure. The idol, which was called Cozumel, whence the Island received its name, was in the figure of man, and had the most horrible aspect. Cortes, shocked at the absurdity of such worship, told the Cacique that it was impossible for them to continue friends, if he did not renounce his idolatry, and that

it was unworthy a man to pay divine honours to a deformed image, fitter to frighten children than to be revered by men of understanding. The Cacique replied, that as to religion, he left it wholly to the priest, who should, if he desired it, discourse with him upon the subject. This was readily accepted, and one of the priests, whom they sent for, no sooner was informed of the affair in question, than he began, with most hideous outcries, to protest against those, who should be so audacious as to disturb the worship of their Gods, denouncing the immediate vengeance of heaven against all those who should presume to dishonour this deity or his habitation. But Cortes, without paying any regard to his menaces, immediately ordered all the idols to be broke to pieces, and most of their temples to be demolished; the largest one of them, however, he preserved entire, and having caused a neat altar to be erected, he had mass said in it by the chaplains and priests, and at his departure charged the Cacique to take the strictest care that every thing was kept in good order, and that no insult was offered to an image of the Blessed Virgin, or two crosses, which he erected in that chapel: and this the Indian chief readily promised.—*Ibid.* 185.

(6) *Meanwhile a skiff with armed Indians manned.* In the meantime Cortes was told that a canoe was standing directly towards the Island: when, perceiving that she was full of armed Indians, he ordered de Topia to get as much as possible under the shelter of the land, and to endeavour to take the canoe. Soon after four men came from it with a slight covering about their waists, and with bows and arrows in their hands. Topia advanced towards them sword in hand, when three of them seemed afraid; the fourth bid them not fear, and addressing the Spaniards in the Castilian language, cried aloud, I am a Christian. Topia immediately embraced him with equal joy and surprise, and conducted him to Cortes, who received him with much affection, whilst his companions couched down on their hams, moist-

ened their right hand with spittle, touched the earth, and then stroked their breasts near the heart, this being the most respectful ceremony they paid to their princes. Cortes having asked the name of the stranger, he replied that he was called Jerome de Aguilar. (I call him Eia, from the place of his nativity.) Meat and drink were then set before him, and he ordered to be clothed, and relate his history.—*Ibid.* 187.

NOTES

TO

TOBASCO.

(1) *The lovely morning, and inviting breeze.* The fleet set sail from Cozumel, 4th of March 1519; and reached Tobasco: when Cortes guessing from the horrible outcries and gesticulations of the Indians that they intended to oppose him, he prepared for battle. But night approaching, he thought proper to wait until next day; at day break, after meeting some little opposition, they landed; but the places being marshy and covered with brambles, they were assaulted by a number of Indians, who lay in ambush. However, Cortes drew up his men, and notwithstanding the prodigious fury of the attack, ranged his soldiers in order of battle in sight of the enemy, whose number continually increased. He ordered Davila to advance with one hundred soldiers through the woods, and take possession of the town Tobasco, which was not far from the place of action. Cortes then attacked that vast multitude, and notwithstanding his being obliged to fight up to his knees in mud, he put the Indians to

flight, when instantly discovering Davila, they ran to defend the town. Cortes, having joined Davila, whose march had been impeded by lakes and marshes, gave proper instructions for destroying the wooden walls, and gave the signal to begin the attack, crying, "My friends, here we must lodge to night." The soldiers proceeded with resolution, and turning aside a shower of darts with their shields, advanced to the fortification, and discharging their fire arms and cross-bows through the openings, they soon drove the enemy from their posts, and then, breaking down a part of the palisadoes, entered without difficulty. The Indians fled with great disorder to the woods.—*Ibid.*

(2) *A chosen guard he orders to explore.* Cortes now sent Lugo and Alverado, with one hundred men each, by different ways, to explore the country. Meanwhile, some prisoners being examined by Aguilar, they declared that all the Caciques in the neighbouring countries were marching to the assistance of Tobasco, and that the next day a powerful army was to be assembled to destroy the Spaniards at once. Upon this intelligence Cortes called a council, communicated to his captains what he had learned, and desired their advice: representing the weakness of their naked enemies, the ill consequences that would attend their turning their backs upon them, and that this would be such a disgrace as would prevent all their future conquests. Upon which the officers unanimously agreed, that it was absolutely necessary not to leave the country until they had reduced the inhabitants. Lugo and Alverado return.—Cortes now proceeded to make the necessary dispositions for a decisive battle: he ordered the wounded to be carried on board the ships, the horses to be ready, and the artillery planted: when they observed the Indian army appear at a distance, and in such numbers, as to cover the country as far as the eye could reach. Their principal weapons were bows and arrows—the strings of the bows being made with the sinews of beasts or thongs of deerskin twisted, and their ar-

rows were pointed with fish bones. They had a kind of javelin, which they sometimes threw and sometimes managed like a pike. They had also two-handed wooden swords, edged with sharp flints: some of the strongest had clubs pointed with flints; and there were also slingers, who threw stones with great force and dexterity. Their defensive arms, which were worn by none but commanders and persons of distinction, consisted of coats of quilted cotton, breast-plates, and shields of wood and tortoise-shells adorned with plates and metal. The rest were naked; only their heads were encircled with feathers to make them appear taller than they really were, and all of them had their faces and bodies painted of various colours, in order to appear terrible to their enemies. Their warlike instruments were pipes made of large canes, sea shells, and drums made of the bark of a tree hollowed, which being beaten with a stick, afforded a very disagreeable sound. Such was the army, or rather inundation of Indians, which now poured down upon the Spaniards. Cortes posted himself under the shelter of a rising ground, that covered the rear, and having let loose his horse against them, trampled down an immense number, while the rest, being amazed and terrified at the sight of these unknown animals, threw down their arms and fled with precipitation.—*Ibid.* 193.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.



MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

I HAVE LEFT MY YOUNG HARP.

I.

I have left my young harp in the valley of roses,
Beyond the dark wave, on my dear native plain :
With its chords hanging loose, in the shade it re-
poses :
Oh ! when shall I rouse it from slumber again !

II.

Thro' that valley of roses, the breezes may sigh,
And strive from the chords to awaken a strain ;
They heed not the murmur ; in slumber they lie—
Oh ! when shall I rouse them from slumber again !

III.

The streamlet may waft its pure crystal along,
And the lily may bathe in its bosom of green ;
The dew drop of Heaven may weep for a song :—
The streamlet, the lily, the dew are unseen.

IV.

For my harp lies asleep ; and its strings are undone ;
And its bard lingers far from his dear native plain ;
Till its bard shall return, it must slumber, for none
But that bard can arouse it from slumber again.

V.

Then rest thee, my harp, on the bosom of flowers,
But ah ! do not rest on that bosom in vain ;
Catch its sweets, that thy bard may, in happier hours,
Shed them round when he wakes thee from slumber again.

TO A YOUTH IN DECAY, VIEWING HIS
IMAGE IN A CLEAR FOUNTAIN.

I.

Limpid fountain ! bright and gay,
Whose silver streams forever play,
Softly winding, murmuring, near,
Thy noise is music to his ear.

Oh ! how he loves to lave,
With thy sweetly flowing wave,
Purest comfort of a breast
With burning thoughts of misery opprest.

II.

Limpid stream ! Narcissus still,
As o'er the ancient emerald hill,
Hangs weeping fragrant tears of dew,
Upon thy placid cheek of blue.

Ah ! glory of the vale,
Why so sad—so lovely-pale,
Weep'st thou o'er the stream of glass,
Where thine own charms shall murder thee, alas !

III.

But ah ! thou stream, by heav'n designed,
Blest Lethe of his haunted mind,
No sooner doth his burning lip
The crystal of thy waters sip,
 Than memory grows bright ;
And all those scenes, as dark as night,
Of which afflicted fancy dreams,
Become as clear and beauteous as thy streams.

IV.

Lovely fountain ! he can trace
His features in thy crystal face ;
And ah ! how sorrowful they seem,
Tho' painted in thy rosy stream !
 Narcissus ! if he sighs
O'er his young image, till he dies—
Tell the friend who longs to know,
He died, self-murdered, not by charms, but woe !

OUR LIFE IS A DREAM.

I.

Our life is a dream ; when mem'ry surveys
The scenes that have sped with the flight of her days,
They resemble those visions of grief or delight,
Which so frequently dance on the mind for a night.

II.

The youth is in Eden, beneath the fresh bowers :
Or culling his temples, a chaplet of flowers.
The glad offspring embraces its parent again,
And hears the fond voice it had long'd for in vain.

III.

The friend, whose dark destiny long had been wept,
And whose dust the four winds of the heavens had
swept ;
In the smiles of an angel from slumber returns,
And asks his beloved, "why so darkly he mourns?"

IV.

The minstrel exults ; for his exile is o'er :
And he rouses his harp from its slumber once more ;
But the least breathing whisper, the stir of a leaf,
Issues in on the fancy, the morning of grief.

V.

“And where,” says the youth, “is my nosegay of
flowers,
Which I thought I had wove in the shade of the
bowers ?

And where, hapless child, is the parent you prest,
In a rapture of joy, to your languishing breast?

VI.

And where is the smile of that friend, who returned
From his slumber, and asked why so darkly I
mourned?”

’Twas a phantom—too gay, when it sports on the
mind,

But a phantom, which always leaves sorrow behind.

VII.

So passes our life : in the slumber of night,
The fancy is gilded with dreams of delight ;
But ah ! when again from that slumber we rise,
Every dream about pleasure deceitfully flies.

TO A YOUNG DUELLIST.

I.

Ah ! thou wast gay : well, be it so—
Thou wor'st a transient smile—
Remember that the stream of woe
May dry up, for awhile :
When on its breast the sunbeams play,
And infant lilies blow,
The solitary grave looks gay,
Tho' vermin creep below.

II.

So, when around thee, flowers are spread,
In all the bloom of May,
These flowers a passing smile may shed,
And force thee to look gay :.
But when they lose their wither'd leaves,
And languish—droop—and die—
Ah ! then again thy bosom heaves
The desolating sigh.

ON THE DEATH OF MY SISTERS,
ELIZA AND CECILIA.

I.

Sweet sisters ! tears in vain would flow
To wail your sudden flight ;
Heav'n called you from this world below,
To worlds more pure—more bright.

II.

Cecilia, lovely angel, lay
Upon the bed of pain,
And weeping friends were heard to say
She ne'er will rise again.

III.

Too true—for soon her little life
Forsook her wither'd form ;
And seraphs called her from this strife,
To rest beyond the storm.

IV.

Eliza heard her happy fate,
And longed with her to fly ;
She said—I'll leave this earthly state,
And with Cecilia die.

V.

And then she prest her angel hand
 Upon her throbbing side ;
And cast towards heaven's unchanging land,
 A longing look—and died.



ADDRESSED TO TWO ORPHANS.

I.

The sun has gone down, and the dew falls in show'rs,
Upon the dark leaves of the night blooming flow'rs.
 To the dull sleeping air,
 Lone Philomel sighs :
And the Dove cooing near,
 To her sorrow replies.

II.

The willow droops down o'er the streamlet that
 flows,
Through the copse where the villagers' ashes repose :
 To their father's sad tomb,
 With their eyes bathed in tears,
Little innocents come,
 To offer their prayers.

III.

Sweet innocent mourners, your father is blest,
And his spirit has fled to Elysian rest:

Then why will you weep,

For a fate so divine?

On the bosom of sleep,

Go, Angels, recline.

IV.

Spare your grief: hear ye not how the night bird
complains?

She will weep all the night, o'er your father's re-
mains:

For you she will sigh—

Then cease ye to weep:

Go, Angels, go lie,

On the bosom of sleep.



ON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG FRIEND.

I.

He is gone! like the dew of the grass,

When the beam of the morning arises;

He is gone! like the beautiful spring bud, alas!

Whose charms a cold frost of the evening sur-
prises!

II.

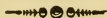
Not a blush, not a smile had he lost,
Not a blossom had died on his face :
He laughed in the morn—in the night came a frost,
And froze every blossom and killed every grace !

III.

He is gone ! from the valley of mirth,
Whose breast was strewn over with roses—
He is gone to a lonely mysterious earth,
Where his pale cheek on Death's chilly bosom
reposes.

IV.

He is fled ; like a phantom away,
And left this adieu to the gay :—
Farewell : amid flowers your graves may be made,
As well as beneath the dark willow tree's shade.



“BENEDICITE OPERA DOMINI DOMINO.”

I.

Go, ask the flow'ret of the dale
When in its bloom array'd,
Who bade its cup such sweets exhale,
And who its charms display'd.

II.

Go, ask the dews that glisten bright
Along the scented grass ;
Who bids them fall like tears of night—
And with the morning pass.

III.

Go, ask the brook that ripples by,
Where reeds and rushes grow ;
What hands its gentle streams supply,
Who bids them always flow.

IV.

Go, ask the Zephyr, as it sings
Around the blooming bowers,
Who bids it trim its vernal wings,
And fan the rising flowers.

V.

Go, wander forth when heaven's high arch
With stars is studded bright—
Who guides them in their brilliant march ?
Who gives them all their light ?

VI.

The flower, the Zephyr and the stream,
The dews, the starry skies—
All join the concert, and proclaim
Their author Great and Wise.

CHRISTMAS EVE.

I.

On the lone distant mountains the dark ev'ning
closes ;

The spirit of stillness is wand'ring afar ;
On winter's chill bosom creation reposes,
And the vales, and the woodlands are cheerless
and drear ;

'Tis the hour when pensive and sad recollection,
Weeps over each scene of departed affection :
But weep not, for Nature's dark features of sorrow
Shall look gay when illum'd by the sun of *to-morrow*.

II.

Alas ! the lone snow-bird hath gone to her slumber ;
In some half ruined crevice, she broods in her
nest :

And the sweet little sparrow's gay chirruping num-
ber,

Is lull'd, with the silent creation, to rest !
The shepherd has ceased the blithe note of his
whistle,

And the wild blast is shaking the desolate thistle :
But how every feature of sadness and sorrow,
Shall look gay, when illum'd by the sun of *to-morrow*.

III.

And our breasts with the long winter ev'ning grown
weary,
Are longing to lie on the lap of repose;
And believe me, though now every cheek looks so
dreary,
To-morrow they'll blush like the leaves of the
rose.
And tho' now the mild throb of each heart is so
chilly,
They will soon be as warm as the sun foster'd lily:
And tho' now we are haunted with feelings of sor-
row,
Our dreams shall be cheered with the hopes of *to-
morrow*.

IV.

And the first rosy hours from slumber that wake us
Shall paint to our fancy the joys of the day;
To the warm sunny beams of the vale we'll betake
us,
And swell to its honour each cheerfullest lay,
And the harp that lies pensive, and sad at this hour,
Shall spread its sweet music from bower to bower;
Ah yes! even now we forget every sorrow,
And dream of the joy that shall cheer us *to-morrow*.

TO THE NEW-BORN SAVIOUR.

I.

Sweet flower of Jesse ! tho' forlorn
Thy tender blossoms rise ;
Celestials chant, the babe is born,
The promise of the skies.

II.

Sweet root of Jesse ! from this day,
The lion of the wood,
Shall with the harmless lambkin play,
And crop their equal food.

III.

The panther now his hate shall cease,
And with the heifer feed :
The mighty lioness, in peace,
Shall range the flowery mead.

IV.

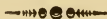
The infant, stranger now to fear,
Shall make the asp obey ;
His hand shall stroke the gentle bear,
And with the serpent play.

V.

Sweet flower ! the mountain tops, that blend
Their foreheads with the skies ;
Their lofty foreheads now shall bend,
And valleys low shall rise.

VI.

Hark ! hark ! along the desert sounds
A voice, the way prepare !
Lie level all ye rising grounds,
A God ! a God is here.



WRITTEN ON A BEAUTIFUL EVENING,
ON BOARD OF THE CYPRUS.

I.

Say hast thou ne'er seen, on some bright summer
eve,
When the sun of the water is taking his leave ;
How the low hanging clouds, where his parting ray
smiles,
Seem to stretch o'er the ocean like beautiful isles ?

II.

O ! would they were true little isles of the west,
Where our hearts might repose them, in splendour,
and rest ;
Where the dreams of my slumber of Eden should be,
And the visions of glory should hover on thee.



LINES WRITTEN ON CHRISTMAS DAY.

I.

In the desolate manger reposes
The sweet little Saviour forlorn ;
'Tis not on the soft bed of roses,
The Saviour of Nations is born.

II.

So it is not where pleasure sits smiling,
That true bliss, or virtue appears :
Her features are always beguiling,
Her smiles are all mingled with tears.

FIRST COMMUNION.

I.

Flow on sweet tears of joy and peace,
Which none but saintly eyes distil;
Ah! that these tears might never cease,
Till love and rapture have their fill!
And would, this sweetly soothing bliss,
That tells my heart—it is forgiven,
Might always leave a thrill like this,
That lulls my bosom into heaven.

II.

Ah! there is something more than love,
Embalming, in its sweets, my heart;
What can it be—'tis from above,
Oh! may it never hence depart!
Say, is there some celestial balm
Dropt from the torrent joys of heaven,
Whose loveliness inspires a calm
Serenity than the calm of even?

III.

Is there some seraph-spirit sent,
Diffusing rapture from his wings,

To steep my bosom in content ;
Unknown, unfelt by earthly things?
No, something purer far must dwell
Within this ravished soul of mine :
'Tis what no mortal tongue may tell,
'Tis more than holy and divine.

IV.

My God ! my Jesus ! is it thou
Art rapturing my heart with bliss
Tell me, art thou within me now :—
Could man deserve a boon like this?
Yes, stooping from his heaven above,
(He cannot dwell from man apart)
His dearest throne, he makes, through love,
The Tabernacle of my heart.



STREAM ON YE TEARS.

I.

Stream on ye tears of sadness,
While mirth the *gay* beguiles ;
My pain shall soon be gladness,
My tears shall soon be smiles.
On *them*, the beams of earth may play,
To light them onward to the tomb ;—

O'er *me* there shines a purer ray,
That lights me on to Heaven.

II.

Yes, let the gay man wander
Down the vale of flowers ;
Let thoughtless pleasure squander
Off her scented hours.
And let some earthly spirit say
Here lies to happiness the way :
The cross, shall be my land-mark here,
And point my path to Heaven.

III.

Joy's smiles are not forever,
Nor yet affliction's tears :
Awhile, and I shall never
Feel the weight of years.
The world, when life's brief pageant's o'er,
Shall revel on in joy no more ;
But virtue, when my course is run,
Shall waft my soul to Heaven.

THE TWO PATHS.

With labour wearied, and with care opprest,
Beneath the shade I lulled my heart to rest :
Ere long, deep slumber sealed my pensive eyes,
When lo ! there came a vision from the skies.
Methought, an angel-form, arrayed in light,
Calm as the rain-bow, stood before my sight.
His look, serenely beautiful, and fair,
His features, such as seldom met with here.
With sympathetic eye, he paused awhile,
Then took my hand, and with a gracious smile,
“ Fear not,” he said, “ young offspring of the skies,
Fear not, young pilgrim : from thy slumber rise.”
I heard : and rising from my place of rest,
Followed the spirit, with a beating breast.
Close to my side, he moved, with heavenly grace,
And now and then, shed smiles upon my face.
Along we journeyed, till upon the right,
A thorny by-way stretched before my sight ;
And on the left, a path of dewy green,
Where all the luxuries of spring were seen.
The fragrant rose-bush raised its blooming head,
And Zephyr winnowed odours o’er the mead.

There every flower, and every herb that grows,
In long procession to the eye arose.
And as I gazed, "beware, my son, beware,"
The spirit said, "of yonder brilliant snare:
That path which charms thee, is a cheating way;
It lures the eye, but leads the heart astray.
It leads, my son, to sin's polluted hall,
Where all is anguish, and confusion all.
This pageant vista, this luxurious show,
Are paths to sorrow, avenues to woe.
Behold yon by-way; tho' the prospect there,
Is barren, solitary, rough, and drear,
Depart not from it; for by it alone,
Man can arrive at happiness, my son.
Though, first it yield but misery and pain,
Be thou courageous, and thy heart shall gain
Whate'er a peaceful conscience can bestow,
And all, that virtue can enjoy below.
No empty comfort, which the world might give,
But comfort, such as saints alone receive."

"Thanks," I replied, "for marking out the snare
In yonder path, that seems so bright and fair.
For who, save one enlightened by the ray
Of some kind spirit, would avoid that way!
Where every object wears the hue of bliss,
And all conspires to charm the heart amiss.

But reckless now of misery and pain,
Which, thou foretell'st, the pilgrim must sustain,
This narrow path, though dreary to the view,
I shall, my guardian, faithfully pursue."

I ceased : my heart, consenting, heaved its sighs ;
With tears of fervour gushing from my eyes,
Upon my guide I looked ; while from my cheek
He wiped my tears, and thus began to speak :
" Give me thy hand, my son, advance with me,
And mark whatever thou shalt chance to see.
How now," he asked me, " doth the road appear ?"
" Ah !" I returned, " still every scene looks drear."
" Why looks it drear ?" with feeling, he replied,
Then on me looked attentively, and sighed.
" Ah me ! my son, 'tis dark, because so few,
With resolution, dare this road pursue.
Many there be, who follow it awhile,
But seeing nought along the prospect smile,
They hasten back, and step in that bright way,
Where all around is beautiful and gay.
Along the green they trip to pleasure's sound,
Their joyous brows with fragrant chaplets bound :
O'er beds of roses, dancing as they go,
They revel forward to the gulph of woe.
Then melts the spell ; for time hath hurried o'er,
And blighted every tree, and every flower.
There, there, my son, they linger, and they mourn,

Unable to proceed, or to return.
Upon their cheeks no longer sits the smile ;
In dark despair, they gaze around awhile,
Till near the gulph, vindictive whirlwinds blow,
And sweep them down the precipice of woe.
Not so the narrow path, which we pursue ;
Where nought can soothe the solitary view :
Yet lose not courage ; though alone thou roam,
Thou may'st, at times, behold the paths of some,
Who, with undaunted souls, have gone before,
Tho' they be rare, and almost seen no more ;
Yet bear this maxim on thy mind, my son,
'Thou, too, canst do what other men have done,'
And soon the scene will alter to thine eye.
For when the term of thy career is nigh,
An Eden brightens, where as calm as even,
Thou'lt close thy wearied eyes, and wake in heaven.
Say, then, young pilgrim, wilt thou persevere,
And calmly end thy virtuous career?"
"I will," I answered, and began to weep :
And waked, instructed, from the dreams of sleep.

LAMENTATION OVER THE RUINS OF
AN ANCIENT CITY.

The moon had risen o'er the misty hill ;
The lonely wave was slumbering and still,
Save where the oarsman lashed the silent deep,
And waked the waters from their tranquil sleep.
The winds were hushed, which lately loved to sigh
Their shrill lament, amid the ruins nigh.

Such was the scene a hoary poet chose
To weep o'er nations, and deplore their woes.
His aged hand pressed close his wrinkled brow,
And thus his heart-felt strain began to flow :
“ Alas ! how transient is a nation's power ;
One hour it grows, it flourishes an hour ;
One hour, and splendid palaces appear,
Another passes, and they are not here.
Not many a year hath rolled its rapid tide,
Since here a city stood in all its pride.
Awhile ago, and all the withered bones,
That lie imprisoned 'neath these mouldering stones,
Might have been sitting upon gilded thrones.
And music, then, which gives a charm to all,

Lifted her voice in every festive hall.
The lute was there ; the cymbal and the lyre
Melted the heart, or set the soul on fire.
Then did these waves, which now appear so sad,
Move freshly on, and tell that they were glad !
But now, how changed ! a lonely silence reigns,
And spreads a terror o'er these gloomy plains.
Those kings, whose right arms, when their foes
would frown,
Lifted their sceptres, and their foes fell down,
Now lie commingled with their native clay ;
They reigned an hour, and then they past away.
So passed their subjects, too ; one hour, in mirth ;
Another, and they hugged their mother earth.
Then stood their empty palaces alone,
The seats of pleasure once, now dismal grown.
In vain their columns reared their heads on high,
And longed to catch some passing stranger's eye ;
No stranger past ; or if he past them near,
His heart grew frightened at a scene so drear.
The virgin marble, once with verses graced,
Lies black with age, and every verse effaced.
The sacred urns of poets are profaned ;
And mingled with the ashes they contained.
Unhappy bards ! in vain your pœans rung,
Vain the wild notes, which trembled from your
tongue :

Time heeds them not; but in his rapid flight,
Sweeps you, like others, to the shades of night.
Yes, what a change! this solitary waste,
These fragments tell how long such empires last.
They tell how short is grandeur's longest reign,
How vain its glory, and its pride how vain.
They speak to nations, as the Bard of yore
Spoke to the Prince, and Babylon was no more!"



YOUTHFUL REMINISCENCES, AFTER A VISIT TO COLLEGE.

Blest be that spot, o'er which my childhood roved,
Calm and contented, with the friend I loved.
Blest that abode, where every summer e'en,
My gay companions, on the shady green,
Lay stretched in harmless idleness and ease,
Revelling in jokes, and all that else might please.
Blest that abode, where, strangers yet to pain,
Like hares we gambol'd o'er the grassy plain:
Forth through the neighbouring wood we loved to
stray,
Familiar friends of innocence and play.
Oft, down the winding fence, we loved to rouse
The little squirrel from his earthen house;
And then, like hounds intent upon the chase,

Pursued him, panting, from his native place.
Fast flew his nimble feet—as fast as he,
We chased him onward to some distant tree;
Up the high limbs he darted like the wind,
And left us mad, and sorrowful behind.
Thence, clamorous, down the valley's sloping shade,
(A grateful shelter from the sun) we stray'd.
There, many a laugh was heard to burst aloud,
From the glad bosoms of the jocund crowd.
When, seated close, we thronged beneath the bow'rs,
Contentment winged the swiftly fleeting hours;
Or when we emulously chased the ball,
And heaved it high against the sounding wall:
Or when the yard re-echoed with the noise
Of rattling chariot wheels, the children's toys;
Or when we rudely whipt the top asleep,
And taught the hoop o'er stony piles to leap;
Our hearts were joyous; harmony and peace
Nurtured those joys, that knew not how to cease.

But oh! when summer and her flow'ry train
Had fled, and barren left the frozen plain;
Around the blazing hearth, or heated stove,
Sweet converse proved the charms of mutual love.
Full many a tale, of fairy, and of sprite,
My wonder roused, and filled me with affright:
My blood ran cold; my bosom throbbed with dread,

To hear the awful stories of the dead.
How they appeared, at night, forlorn and sad,
To haunt the faithless, and chastise the bad.
And oft I feared to venture out by night,
Lest some pale spectre should invade my sight—
And, when I flung me down upon my bed,
I thought ten thousand ghosts were at my head.

But when the stream, in icy fetters bound,
No longer poured its fruitful waters round,
With armed feet we skimmed along its plain,
Returned, flew o'er it, and returned again.
The harassed ice complained: with frequent groan,
It seemed to crack, and threaten every one.
In vain! the little creatures mocked its noise,
And every crash excited fresher joys.
Onward, around, athwart, and back we shot,
The fear of danger checked our pleasures not.
We frolicked on, till with our sport opprest,
We plodded homeward, and retired to rest.

At other times, upon the bending trees,
Whistling, and waving in the sportive breeze,
With knotty clubs we threshed the nuts around;
The nuts in showers fell rattling to the ground.
Well pleased we laughed to see them fall so thick,
And raised in triumph high the threshing stick.

Then, heavily burdened with the welcome load,
We slowly travelled up the rugged road.
Oh what delight ! when seated round the fire,
To share them round, and feast at our desire—
To sit, unconscious of the bleak north winds,
And eat, laugh, talk, with disencumbered minds !

Happy young innocents ! unknown to pain—
For us, misfortune scourged the world in vain.
Strangers to all the wretchedness of life,
To war, to rapine, and insidious strife :
We breathed in peace, nor dreamed of future care,
When scattered o'er this gloomy world afar,
Condemned to tug upon its stormy sea,
To bear its buffets, scorn, and misery.

Ah ! as I wander o'er this lovely spot,
Those feelings, which I thought were long forgot,
Revive afresh ; methinks, a boy again,
I still am rambling o'er this hallowed plain ;
When, on the faded fence, where oft I stood,
I find my name still living in the wood,
Which there I carved, some idle hour of play,
To tell the young, when I should be away,
That on this plain a simple youth was bred,
And here his name survives, tho' he perchance be
dead.

Around this bank, full many a pleasant hour,
With that dear friend, I must behold no more,
Our hands together clasped, in faithful talk,
And full of mirth, I wound my evening walk,
Until the study bell's unwelcome voice,
Dissolved our union, and dispersed our joys.
Ah me ! where is he now ? far, far in truth,
Perhaps forgetful of the days of youth ;
Perhaps my name, so frequent on his tongue,
My features, too, so dear to him when young,
Are now forgotten ; or confused with those,
Who neither were his confidants nor foes.
But if I still, in spite of rolling years,
Live in his memory, and wake his tears,
Oh ! may we meet, on this blest spot once more,
And *dream* of pleasure we *enjoyed* before.

And thou dear spot, farewell ; farewell my home !
Misfortune bids me o'er this wide world roam :
Dear solitude ! when all the world conspires
To storm my heart, and cancel its desires,
May I remember, grateful for the boon,
The lessons which I learned from thee so soon :
May I be firm beneath the scourge of woe,
And proudly spurn the little things below.
May virtue guide me through the paths of truth,
And bless my manhood, as she blest my youth.

TO THE ISLE OF HELENA.

Helen, we hail thee ! may the waves that roar
In furious revelry around thy shore,
Tell that we hail thee ! Castle of the sea,
Gaol of the mighty warrior, peace with thee !
To thee that dreadful chieftain, at whose nod,
Europe knelt down as if before her God,
The scourge of nations, who made princes reign,
And proudly hurled them from their thrones again
The world's mysterious master ; at whose look
The thrones of emperors, and of princes shook.
To thee, sick with prosperity and fame,
In all the littleness of man he came.
Glutted with blood, till he could bear no more,
He sinks a captive on St. Helen's shore !
Helen, we hail thee ! on thy little plain,
The man whom Europe, worlds, could scarce contain,
Who dared to stand the rival of the skies,
Now humbled, in his native nothing lies.
Unthinking mortal ! though the world awhile
Shrunk at his frown, and prospered at his smile,
He now hath fallen ! like some ancient dome

That stood, the pride of Athens, or of Rome,
Until it fell, by some rude shock of fate,
And still looks awful in its tottered state.
Blind thing! when fortune smiled, and all looked
gay,
And empty glory shed her brightest ray;
When at his name the shuddering nations feared,
Napoleon, that phantom, disappeared.
Struck by that hand, he scorned to fear before,
He lies forsaken on St. Helen's shore.
Helen, we hail thee! let thy watery wall
Guard him, who still looks dreadful in his fall.
Guard him, St. Helen, for tenfold is his rage,
When the fierce lion bursts his iron cage.



IMPROMPTU TO A CRICKET.

Little cricket, lonely, gay,
Hid within the kitchen wall,
Harmless cricket, chirp away,
Thou art welcome to us all.

Who, among the sons of men,
Passes life like thine, so gay?
Man must sorrow now and then:
Thou sing'st in mirth this life away.

REFLECTIONS OVER THE GRAVE OF A
YOUNG MAN.

And art thou, also, gone, poor brother !
Fate hath torn thee, then, away :
The last sad year we mourned another ;
Yes, thyself didst mourn that day.

Who thought, whilst thou stood'st sad and weeping
O'er the grave in which he lay,
That thou shouldst be, the next year, sleeping
Near his lonely bed of clay ?

Ah ! do I dream ! or, vain illusion,
Dost thou cheat my grief-rent heart ?
Or doth my mind, wrapt in confusion,
Feel an empty sorrow's smart ?

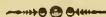
Alas ! I dream not ; there he lieth,
Where the drooping willows wave ;
Hark ! hark ! the tomb-stone mutely crieth :
“ Youth, grow wiser from the grave ! ”

LINES WRITTEN ON BOARD THE CY-
PRUS, IN THE MEDITERRANEAN.

The winds are adverse ; I must pine
 Subservient to a breath :
There are, who deem a life like mine,
 Just little more than death.

Alas ! that pride that bade me smile
 A master of the seas,
Now hangs its head and blushes, while
 I linger for a breeze.

Learn hence; that tho' thou move below
 The masterpiece of God,
Still must thou, like the winds that blow,
 Be subject to a nod.



TO A FRIEND.

Far lighter beats the mourner's heart,
 When sympathizing friends are nigh ;
They ease affliction's keenest smart,
 And bid dejection fly.

Mine is this fortune; yes, to me,
A happy throng of friends is giv'n;
But ever shall I value *thee*,
The rarest gift of heaven.

Thou, in my sorrow, blend'st a tear;
My smiles of happiness are thine;
With thee, fidelity is near;
And candour, so divine.



FROM METASTASIO.

L'onda dal mar divisa
Bagna la valle e il monte:
Va passeggera in fiume;
Va prigionera in fonte;
Mormora sempre e geme
Finchè non torni al mar;
Al mar dove ella nacque,
Dove acquisto gli umori,
Dove da' lunghi errori
Sperar di riposar.

THE SAME, TRANSLATED INTO LATIN.

Et montem, vallemque vagi lavit æquoris unda;
Flumine læta fugit, fontibus areta tremit:
Murmurat atque gemit, referat se donec ad æquor,
Æquor—principium traxerat unde suum;
Themoresque bibit, multisque meatibus acta
Sperat ibi cursum sistere læta vagum.

THE SAME, TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH.

The ocean-waters lave the vale and mount,
In river free, imprisoned in the fount:
Murm'ring and sighing onward, till again
They trace their course back to the parent main—
That source from which they spring, to which they
tend—
In which, at length, their mazy wand'rings end.

REFLECTIONS ON MORNING.

The morning purples o'er the heath again,
The dew falls glistening on the opening flow'r;
How man, unknown to misery and pain,
In peaceful bliss enjoys the fragrant hour!

But think you, does the weeping widow cease
To feel the anguish of oppressive grief;
Does the distracted mind regain its peace,
Or sadness taste the balsam of relief?

Think you, does yonder bright cerulean sky,
Or yonder stream, so beautiful and clear,
That warbles music, as it passes by,
Console affliction, or give peace to care?

Alas! the smiles of morn, so bright, so blest,
For those who bound thro' pleasure's fragrant
vale,

Add new affliction to the aching breast,
Which fate hath doomed in sorrow to bewail.

Alas! they rise to tell the bleeding heart,
It still must linger here, forlorn and sad:
It still must feel that melancholy smart,
Which glooms the landscape, be it e'er so glad.

WHEN THE BRIGHT FEATURES OF
THE SKY.

When the bright features of the sky,
Which lately wore a blushing smile,
Grow dark and dreary to thine eye,
Weep not, 'twill only last awhile.

Those gloomy clouds that spread around,
And o'er the heav'ns a darkness cast;
Those mists that hide the lovely ground,
Shall soon disperse, they *cannot* last!

Comes there not, when the storm is o'er,
A beauteous, bright tranquillity?
When the wild winds have hushed their roar,
Is there not peace upon the sea?

When the bleak winter's dreary frown,
That rudely blasts the tortured hours,
Hath spent its violence—and gone,
Bloom not again the ambrosial flow'rs?

So thou, when sorrow damps thy heart,
And makes thee shed a lonely tear;
O! think 'tis no eternal smart,
For there is nought eternal *here*.

TO MY SISTER'S ALBUM.

I.

Go forth, fair album ! on thy virgin page,
The emblem of thine owner's innocence,
Receive the theme of moralist and sage—
Go, like the bee, from flower to flower, and thence
Rich with the sweet luxuriance return,
And shed them all round Mary : may she learn
What bliss is found in virtue ; what sweet charms
In thee, religion ; learn whatever warms
The heart to noble sentiment ; inspires
The bosom with a pure and lofty sense
Of its own destiny ; the omnipotence
Of Him, who kindled in the breast those fires
That glow, and *will* glow, till they blaze above,
And wrap the immortal spirit in a flame of love.

II.

But bring not back, fair album, to her eye,
Scenes which would ruffle her meek calm of heart,
Nought that could wake the solitary sigh,
Or pierce the bosom with a silent smart.
Bring back no thorns concealed amid the flowers,
Which thy young Genius may cull around,

Let not those strains that melt the listening bowers,
Be echoed back with melancholy sound.
Be thou no harbinger of storm or woe,
But a sweet rainbow, sparkling in the beams
Of a meek sun at evening, when below
The vale is gladdened, and the mountain seems
All radiant with lustre—like that heaven
Whose light, and bliss, and peace, to Mary shall be
given.



WHERE MAY I SHELTER ME FROM CARE.

I.

Where may I shelter me from care,
While rude temptation tries me?
And who will sigh to heaven a prayer,
That earth may not surprise me?
And who will close my heedless eye,
While all around is glowing?
And who will teach me where to fly,
While life's dark storm is blowing?

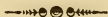
II.

Too long from every faithful guide,
My thoughtless heart hath wandered,

Temptation, lingering by my side,
Marked every hour it squandered.
Worn out with sorrow, who will show
Where I at length may rest me?
Repose, I never met below,
'Mongst all the friends who blest me.

III.

Oh ! who will point my wandering way,
To scenes that cannot cheat me?
Where real peace, and pleasure may
Come dancing forth to meet me.
Enough, enough of foolish bliss,
That shadowy world hath given ;
Who could be blest in worlds like this?
There's no true bliss, but Heaven.



LIKE THE CHILDREN OF ZION ON BABYLON'S SHORE.

I.

Like the children of Zion on Babylon's shore,
When Jerusalem, their country, smiled round them
no more,
Their harps were all lonely and wet with their tears,
And their bosoms were harrowed with sorrows and
fears.

II.

So, in the dark shade of this valley of life,
I recline me, and mourn for my country above :
Had I wings of the dove, I would fly from this strife,
And rest on the arms of contentment and love.

III.

Ah ! when to thy beautiful visions I turn,
For thee, like the grief stricken turtle, I mourn ;
Oh ! when, from the fetters of life shall I flee,
And who will restore me, Jerusalem, to thee !



THE WORLD'S DELUSIVE FIGURE FLIES.

I.

The world's delusive figure flies ;
The wing of death flits o'er me !
And all that lately charmed the eyes,
Is melting from before me !
So melt the lovely evening beams,
That revelled by in gladness ;
And all that lately charmed—now seems
Forever lost in sadness !

III.

Alas! when youth, in smiles arrayed,
Came tripping forth with pleasure,
Then joyful round, my heart surveyed
The fastly waning treasure!
And when their blooming flowers appeared,
'Mid them my bosom slumbered;
Nor once the bright illusion feared,
Nor dreamed my days were numbered!

III.

Too oft I heard that mortal life,
Was but a shade of even,
And blest repose from mortal strife,
Was only found in Heaven!
But while the youthful smiles of bliss
Around my heart were cleaving;
I told my soul, that truths like this
Were hardly worth believing!

IV.

But now, like evening's rainbow hue,
Which joyless twilight covers,
The scene is fading from my view,
And death around me hovers!
Farewell, thou cheating earth below,
That only bod'st to sorrow,

Thy beams that shine so brightly now,
Shall set in shade to-morrow.



MY HOME IS NOT IN EARTHLY JOYS.

I.

My home is not in earthly joys,
Where bliss is never given :
Allure me not, ye fleeting toys,
My country is in Heaven !

II.

Oh ! what may charm the heart below,
Whence every hope is driven,
This waste of sorrow and of woe,
Proclaims my home is Heaven.

III.

That form with cheeks of rosy hue,
And eyes as meek as even ;
Is not the form of pleasure true—
True pleasure is in Heaven !

IV.

Her charms are shadows of a day,
To cheat the fancy given ;
Her fairy hues shall soon decay,
For, all must fade—but Heaven.

UPON THY ARMS MY HEART WILL REST.

I.

Upon thy arms my heart will rest,
Too long pursued by care and woe ;
The earth had sworn to make me blest,
But never, never made me so :
'Tis not where fading scenes allure,
The grief worn heart may soothe her cares.
For earthly joys are never pure—
Their brightest smiles are mixed with tears !

II.

As oft the thoughtless infant goes,
Upon some summer's lovely morn,
To pluck the blossom of the rose,
But only grasps the paining thorn ;
For, rough and thorny is the spray
On which the fairest roses bloom ;
And beams that cheer us on our way,
Are only lighting to the tomb.

III.

But when on virtue's arms we lie,
Each gloomy sorrow far shall flee ;

Repose shall close the wearied eye,
And all our dreams, of Heaven shall be !
Not all the noise of earthly woe
Shall wake me from Elysian rest :
Till freed from every chain below,
My soul shall live among the blest.



HE COMES TO REST WITHIN MY HEART.

I.

He comes to rest within my heart
As meek as infancy :
Oh ! what shall ever tear apart
This lovely guest from me !

II.

As, on the softly blooming flowers,
The dews descend at even ;
So grace upon my heart, in showers,
Descends from holy Heaven !

III.

And as the flowret, bathed in dew,
Breathes odours from its breast,
So shall my favoured bosom too,
Breathe fervour to my Guest.

IV.

He comes to rest within my heart
As meek as infancy :
Oh ! what shall ever tear apart
This lovely guest from me !



LONELY HATH MY SOUL BECOME.

I.

Lonely hath my soul become,
Sadness hovers round my way—
Every scene through which I roam,
Lately beamed in pleasure's ray.
Now, where are the flowers of bliss
That slumbered in the joyous light?
Ah ! it charmed the heart amiss,
Then, forever sunk in night.

II.

Death hath gloomed the brilliant scene,
And changed the revel into tears ;
'Mid the graves my soul hath been,
And darkly swells my soul with fears.
The thought of death hath seized my heart ;
O'er the tomb I lonely sigh ;
Oh ! 'tis hard from life to part,
Oh ! 'tis horrible to die !

THE SUN OF EARTHLY LOVE MAY RISE.

I.

The sun of earthly love may rise
To cheer life's wintry day ;
But from the youth's deluded eyes
That sun shall soon decay.

II.

The moon of friendship, o'er this night
May throw her beams serene ;
But soon, ah soon ! her placid light
Shall leave the sinking scene.

III.

The stars of science may perform
Their visionary dance ;
But quickly shall the midnight storm
Of ignorance advance.

IV.

The flowers of happiness may show
Their blossoms to the gale ;
But soon, by stormy winds laid low,
They wither on the vale.

V.

If thou wouldst seek the sun of love,
Or friendship's moon divine;
Oh! turn thine eye to heaven above!
In heaven alone they shine.

VI.

And if thy ling'ring heart desire
True science and true bliss;
Thy longing bosom must aspire,
To worlds more pure than this.



O SEE YE HOW LOVELY AND BRIGHT.

I.

Oh! see ye how lovely and bright,
The path-way to heaven appears!
It opens a scene of delight,
A harbour from sorrow and fears.
Ah! calm on the bosom of peace,
Shall the heart of the just one repose;
There, the pulse of affliction shall cease,
And the warfare of misery close.

II.

On the wings of the morning depart
To that paradise beaming with love—
Fly these scenes that deceive thee, my heart,
And cleave to contentment above!
Adieu to each shadowy form
That flits through this country of dreams!
I will haste me from winter's dark storm,
And repose, heav'nly spring, in thy beams.



PURIFICATION DAY.

“Erat lux vera.”

The light of salvation, enkindled in heaven,
Throws its lustre around, o'er this valley of life—
Oh it cheers, with that lustre, the heart that's for-
given,
And chases, forever, the tempest of strife.

Peace, peace to the hearts, where that light hath
arisen,
Like the day-beam of hope, or the peace-star of
even,
Dispelling the shades of despair from this prison,
Or beaming the beautiful twilight of heaven.

WRITTEN ROUND A WREATH.

This wreath by youthful hands was wove,
And as an emblem given,
Of that, which angels weave above,
To crown the good, in heaven.



THE LITTLE VOYAGERS.

The lake was smooth, and not a breath
Stirred through the sleeping grove ;
The oak-tree hung as mute as death
Upon the hills above :
“Come, sister,” said the young Arnest,
While sporting on the bank ;
“Come, o’er this water’s silvery breast—
Let’s sail upon the plank.”
“Yes, brother,” and the plank she drew
Along the slippery sand,
Around his neck her arm she threw—
And they drifted from the land.

Poor children ! though these waters lie
Sleeping in sunshine bright,
That ray, which dazzles now the eye,
Shall melt away in night.

Yet, forth they drifted, till the lake,
Roused by the evening breeze,
Around the plank began to break,
And swell in little seas :
“ Alas, my brother ! ” cried Florelle,
And raised a piteous scream ;
Till both, grown sick and dizzy, fell
Into the treacherous stream.

So, they who sail on pleasure's streams,
Move beauteously away ;
For every scene around them seems
Elysian and gay.
But, when attracted from the shore
By zephyr's scented breath,
The threat'ning waves begin to roar,
And waft them on to death.

TO THE VENERABLE CHARLES CAR-
ROLL OF CARROLLTON.

“Clarum et venerabile nomen.”

I hand thee a chaplet which never shall fade ;
Its leaves are of myrtle, with lilies entwined—
By the hands of the Genius of Freedom t’was made,
The reward of thy *Patriot mind*.

’Twill smile on thy brows thro’ thy evening of life,
And tell of the days that forever are flown,
When thou stood’st like a column defying the strife,
And supporting the arch of renown.

Thou still art sublime in the desert of days,
Like some pyramid rising in solitude high,
Round whose base clasps the ever-green ivy of
praise,
And whose top meets the smiles of the sky.

Yes, peace to thee, Carroll, thy ev’ning declining
Resembles the meek setting beams of the sun,
When the hills with its fast fading brilliancy shining
Bid us gaze—ere his journey is done.

Ah ! brilliant, in truth, is the scene of thy years,
Religion’s blest halo illuming thy ways—

Faith guiding thee forward, hope calming thy fears,
And thy country recording thy praise.

Then take this fair chaplet which never shall fade;
Its leaves are of myrtle, with lilies entwined—
By the hands of the Genius of Freedom t'was made,
The reward of thy *Patriot mind*.



TO A LADY AT PRAYER.

I.

Yea, Lady, though the “wealth of Ind”
Were lying at thy feet,
And round thy path each eastern wind
Should waft its fragrance sweet.

II.

Yea, though thy bark of life should ride
Upon that stream, whose waves
Are golden, and whose sparkling tide
The vale of pleasure laves.

III.

Yea, though upon thy scented head
The bird of Paradise,
His wings of gaudiest hues should spread,
And swim before thine eyes.

IV.

Though kings should bend their purple knee,
And lay the sceptre down,
While empires see them worship thee,
And offer thee the crown.

V.

Not half so happy wouldst thou feel,
So beautiful appear,
As when thou dost in silence kneel
Before that shrine in prayer.



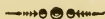
THE MOON-LIT CHAPEL.

I.

Sweet moon-beams sleep upon thy roof,
Thou solitary chapel—oh !
From an unhallowed world aloof,
Thou stand'st a sacred place below.
Tho' sound alternate voice and lyre,
Tho' burst the laugh so loud and free,
Tho' converse kindle up his fire,
And all within is ecstasy;

II.

Still, to that silent place, my eye
Will turn its melancholy view,
Where moon-light, from its native sky,
Descends to sleep amid the dew.
Methinks, that round that altar dim,
Where one lone, lingering taper burns,
Their orison and midnight hymn
The saint and seraph sing by turns.



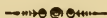
“SICKNESS AND RESIGNATION.”

May peace and calm attend thy hours,
May “Resignation” smooth thy breast :
Remember, in this world of ours,
We cannot be forever blest.

Benignant are the ways of heaven :
And when affliction pains the heart,
Forget not, ’tis in wisdom given,
No matter what may be the smart.
Even favourites sometimes taste of pain :
Thou art amongst them—why complain?

TO A CHILD DRINKING AT A STREAM.

Quaff, little innocent, the cool, clear stream
Which sparkles in the morning's genial beam :
O drink it *now*—for, live a few more years,
And that pure water shall be mixed with tears.



TO A BUTTERFLY.

Sweet butterfly, I love to view
Thy wings of many a varied hue ;
Yellow and brown, and streaked with black,
And tinged with gold—upon thy back
The sun reflects an iris bright
That dazzles, as it charms, the sight.
Thou cleavest to the pageant flower
Sucking its honey—the sweet hour
Of thy brief life, thou spendest there ;
And then thy glories disappear.

Emblem of life ; its pleasures smile,
And charm the heart a little while :
Then fade their dyes, so briefly gay ;
And the whole pageant melts away.

GOOD NIGHT.

I.

When the ocean before thee his dark waves is heav-
ing,
And the peaks of the distant hills melt on thy
sight,
Look back, through the mist, to the land thou art
leaving,
And think of the friend who now bids thee good
night.

II.

The sky is all cloudless, the moon, full appearing,
Looks on the cold ocean serenely and bright;
Oh! may her meek halo, thy lonely way cheering,
Make thee think of the friend who now bids thee
good night.

III.

And fair be the winds as they traverse the ocean,
And play round thy bark—be they friendly and
light,

Should they threaten to set the wild waves in com-
motion,

Be they soothed by his prayers who now bids
thee good night.

IV.

And, to-morrow, when pensive from slumber awak-
ing,

Thou shalt feel the rude bark rolling on in her
flight,

Look not towards the east, where the morning is
breaking,

But turn to the west, where I bade thee good
night.

V.

And oh ! when the horizon behind thee is glowing,

And the sun in pavilions of clouds setting bright,

A long, lingering look, towards that setting sun
throwing,

Think, think of the friend who now bids thee
good night.

LAMENT OF THE DUTCHESS OF BERRI.

I.

I part with thee, my France, fair France!—
Ye misty plains, ye hills of blue,
Farewell: Sedition's bloody lance
Gleams o'er thy head, my France!—adieu.

II.

I weep; and should I not, O heaven!
Far from my murdered husband's tomb;
Far from my bleeding country driven,
With scarce a friend to feel my doom.

III.

Ah! round my neck, my guiltless boy—
Poor orphan!—twines his tender arms:
Yea, thou, whom France once called her joy,
Her hope—her all—hast now no charms,—

IV.

Save for thy mother's heart—no more
Doth France, ungrateful, smile on thee,
Son of St. Louis, whom before
She smiled upon with ecstasy!

V.

With me, thou art an exile now,
Without a home, or father's care;
And oh! around that sacred brow,
Destined the diadem to wear,

VI.

The crown of agony is prest,
Whose thorns shall pierce thy very brain:
Just heaven! thou forever blest,
O God, resign me to my pain!

VII.

It cannot be that France will close
Her heart forever on my son;
It cannot be that all his woes
Will wake the sympathy of none.

VIII.

No; *he* is innocent—and *thou*
Art guilty, France! his rightful place
Is on thy throne; his youthful brow
Must yet the crown of Louis grace!

IX.

Heaven gave him to thee, when, alas!
Hope withered 'neath the assassin's hand:

But he has left thee, and thy glass
Of woe is full, my wretched land !

X.

Where shall we rest, driven from the halls,
In which for ages dwelt our sires !
Driven, Paris, from thy guilty walls,
In which shall rage sedition's fires.

XI.

Where shall we rest us, wearied, spent !
What distant, yet what friendly land,
Shall greet us in our banishment,
And save us from our country's hand !

XII.

Yet, as I go, fair France, sweet France !
Yet as I flee, in anguish flee—
I tell thee that the victor's lance,
Shall yet be broke—and thou be free !

XIII.

And thou shalt mourn o'er what is done,
And call upon my orphan boy ;
For his, O France, will be thy throne,
And still he'll be thy hope, thy joy.

XIV.

Nay, smile not at a woman's threat :

I know thee, France, thou know'st me, too ;
My child shall be thy monarch yet—
Still do I weep—fair France, adieu !



POLAND.

I.

'Tis now thy struggle, Poland ! o'er thy fields .

The din of war is murmuring ; and thy sun
Is gleaming on thy lances and thy shields,
Through the thick clouds of tempest drear and
dun.

Upon thy plains the warfare is begun ;
Thy foes in bloody revelry are driven,
Scattered like leaves before the winds of heaven.

II.

What, though they rally in their myriads,
Spurring their spirits desperately on ;
Vowing to crush thee down, still victory glads
Thy noble bosom ; and each valiant son,
And beauteous daughter, longs to twine a crown ;
Not such as monarchs press upon their brows,
But that which grateful liberty bestows.

III.

Hark ! o'er the grave, where Kosciusko lies,
The hero's spirit shrieking through the storm,
Bidding his brethren struggle for the prize,
Which they *must* win, if chivalry but warm
Their patriot-hearts, no matter what a swarm
Of serfs and Cossacks, the fierce Russ may send,
To fatten on their blood—they'll conquer in the end.

IV.

For, there is ONE whose holy eye above
Looks on the ways of nations and of men :
His arm omnipotent knows when to move
The huge Colossus, and is able, when
The hour arrives, to raise it up again—
Poland has long lain prostrate at the feet
Of Russia ; she must rise ;—'tis just, 'tis meet.

V.

Her fathers were among the brave and free,
And good as free ; and virtuous as brave ;
Spirit of Sobieski, rise ! to thee
Poland appeals : rise from thine honoured grave,
And as the pennons of thy country wave
O'er her bright spears and lances, point again
To glory's pillar reared on Choczim's plain.

VI.

Children of Poland, see your hero there,
Reaping for you a harvest of renown !
A halo beaming round his shining spear,
And freedom's laurels twining round his crown :
See how he mows the Turks and Cossacks down.
Hear, as on Calimberg he pauses, hear—
Descendants of the hero—list his prayer :

VII.

Not in my warriors' or my own good sword,
Poland, does Sobieski place his trust :
My hope, my confidence is in the Lord,
And in my country's cause, so dear, so just—
After whose liberties the Moslems lust.
In future days, should slavery's iron chains
E'er clank in ignominy on thy plains,

VIII.

Sons of brave Poland, turn your eyes to where
Your Sobieski paused, to send to heaven,
For his dear country and her sons, this prayer :
“To you be liberty forever given !
Oppression from your land forever driven !
When foes assail, rush to the battle-field,
Trust in the Omnipotent, and they must yield.”

IX.

'Tis *now* thy foes assail thee!—rush to arms,
To arms, thou chivalry of Poland, rush!
Mothers and daughters, banish your alarms,
And check those tears of dread that fain would
gush.

Urge on the cause!—yea, let your bosoms flush
With bright anticipation! peace to thee,
Poland, brave Poland! thou shalt yet be free!



THE HORNET.

“Quis funera fando
•• Explicit.”—*Virg.*

I.

Proudly o'er thy treacherous wave,
Tampico, rode the gallant bark,
When evening its dim farewell gave,
And night closed o'er the waters dark.
And there was mirth upon her deck,
Sweet music melted with the light,
And who—oh! who could dream that wreck
Should be her destiny that night?

II.

The longing sailor talked of home,
And the hollow moaning of the main,
Awoke a wish the hour were come,
When he might spread his sails again.
Yea, as the waters, dark and wild,
Went murmuring homeward from the shore,
He thought of parent, wife, or child,
Whom he might fold to his arms once more.

III.

The night gun sounded far and long—
Muttering like thunder o'er the deep:
Then ceased the music and the song,
And the bold Tar lay down to sleep.
Proud bark! the sun that set this even,
And streaked thy pennons with its ray,
Shall rise to-morrow in its heaven,
On peril, ruin, and dismay.

IV.

'Twas midnight, and the weary crew
(Save those who paced the watch deck lone)
Slumbered, (ah! will they wake anew!)
When the deep storm began to moan.
The watchman scarce that storm could mark,
Ere round the tempest's spirit howled:

The waters dashed their surges dark,
And death and horror o'er them scowled.

V.

Oh ! what, tho' shrieked the sailor loud,
What, tho' the deep gun poured its sound,
Like a shrill peal from the thunder cloud,
That peal the crash of waters drowned.
Frail vessel ! that didst ride the waves
Of calm Tampico yesteday,
The storm hath borne thee to the caves
Of the bleak ocean far away.

VI.

There, many a gallant seaman lies,
Who, ere the sun went down last even,
Turned towards the west his lingering eyes,
And thought him of his native heaven.
Now o'er his corse the shrill winds wail ;
And mothers lorn, and friends afar,
Have yet to learn the dismal tale
Of the wrecked Bark and gallant Tar.

ITALY.

Oh Italy ! sweet dwelling place
Of freedom, poesy, and song ;
My fancy fondly loves to trace
Those scenes which once I mused among.
Land of the olive-tree ! thy plains
Are vocal with the Muse's sweetest strains.

II.

Beautiful Italy ! o'er my mind
Thy recollection weaves a spell,
That binds me, and shall ever bind
To thy bright realms, where dwelt, and dwell
The good and wise—where cold and deep
In their ancestral tombs my fathers sleep.

ENTERING ROME.

“En hujus, nate, auspiciis illa inclyta Roma.”—*Virg.*

I.

Once more within thy hoary walls, O Rome!
Again a pilgrim from my native land,
I find myself—and as I cast my eye
Around thy wondrous scenes, my fancy warms,
And my heart beats with inspiration. Here—
Here ancient mistress of the conquered world,
I tread anew upon thy hallowed plains—
After much wandering, after ploughing through
The dark, strange ocean, tossed and rocked by
storms,
And sickened by the wildness of the deep.
Yea, thou didst labour on thy perilous way,
Thou gallant bark—while on thy noble prow,
The bust of him who braved another storm
More fierce than that thou struggled'st with, stood
firm,
Breasting the roaring waters, breaking off
The foam, the rage of the contending storm.*

* The bust of Charles Carroll of Carrollton, from whom the ship derives her name.

II.

Safely I landed on the plains of France,
Most fair, yet most unhappy, of all realms;
A garden wide, a scene luxuriant,
Teeming with green abundance, shedding forth
Upon the balmy gale the breath of flowers,
And the sweet spirit of the vine. O! France!
When wilt thou rest thee from intestine strife,
And bask within the sun of thy own skies?
'Tis time that, wreathed with the green garlands
 pluck'd
From thy sweet vineyards, in the arms of peace
Thou shouldst repose;—remember what is past,
The streams of blood, that like a torrent wild,
Rushed from a thousand veins—the purest blood
Of thy best citizens—call to thy mind
The tragedy which made thy king a martyr;
And, after weeping o'er the fiendish deed,
Strike, strike thy breast compunctious, and repent.

III.

Then as I bent my course towards thee, O Rome!
Parent of all that's grand and wonderful,
The snowy Alps beheld me on their heights;
Dread solitudes of winter! awful realms,
Where desolation reigns o'er rugged rocks,
And precipices deep, and glaciers huge,

And avalanches terrific ! drear abode
Of everlasting winter—where the sun
Shines impotent and solitary, off
The vast, interminable, cheerless Alps !

IV.

O'er these bleak wilds, I wended slowly on,
Cheered only by some solitary cross
Planted to guide the traveller on his way,
And raise his heart above this world of woe.
I gained the highest peak : clouds gathered round
The mountain's side, while their proud summits
peered

O'er the dark vapours, beaming with the sun !
When down thy fertile plains, fair Piedmont
With buoyant spirits, I descend, till
Turin received me in her beauteous walls.
Land of my ancestors, where in their tombs
Sculptured with ancient heraldic inscriptions,
Their ashes rest—and may they rest in peace !

V.

Yes, she is beauteous, elegant, polite,
Famed in the annals of heroic worth :
Her's are the palaces of Genoa,
And all its commerce—her's the rugged isle,
Where sprung the man, the wonder of all men.

Next, Milan bade me welcome to her gates—
Land of an Ambrose, City of St. Charles—
Seat of the wit, the eloquence of one
Who gave Augustine to the Christian church,
And where the latter, with the former's spirit,
Wielded the crozier for the love of souls—
Dear Saint ! I knelt me near the sacred shrine
Where thy blest body lies entombed, and there,
Sighed when I thought me of the name I bear ;
And yet how little worthy !—still I breathed
An humble prayer—I sent it up to thee
My sainted name-sake, on my own birth day,
Beseeching Heaven to pity and to pardon.

VI.

But what, Bologna, shall I sing of thee?
Far-famed in story—City of the Popes—
Do I miscall thee? Art thou, then, resolved
To trample the tiara to the ground?
What means that martial vertigo of thine,
That causes thee to totter to thy ruin?
But peace—Bologna, hearken as I sing :
Hush, for awhile, the beating of thy drums.
If thou wouldst be as happy as thou mayest,
Submit again—'tis glorious to submit
To the good Father of the Christian world.

VII.

Eternal Rome ! along the Cassian way
My chariot rattled, till the clouded dome
Arose before me, on the Vatican.
My sight grew dim with gazing, and my brain
Burned, while I pondered over what is past—
What can I tell of thee, eternal Rome?
Surrounded by thy palaces, thy ruins;
Thy golden churches, and thy mouldered temples;
Thy gorgeous monuments, thy fallen columns!
The wreck of paganism, Religion's glories!
Silent must I contemplate, as I pause
In awful wonder on the scene around;
And feel—for every thing proclaims the truth;
Thou art the sanctuary of the Lord.



NIGHT CONTEMPLATION AT ROME.

“ Barbarus heu ! cineres insistet victor, et urbem
Eques sonante verberabit ungula
Quæque carent ventis et solibus, ossa quirini
(Nefas videre !) dissipabit insolens.

Hor. lib. Epoch. XVI.

Hushed is the tumult of the busy day,
And silence sits upon the hills of Rome !

There is no moon—the Tiber's muddy waves
Roll darkly on its melancholy banks,
Where, ever and anon, a flame burns dim,
Lighted perchance, amid some scattered fragments,
To dry and warm the shivering fisherman.
The dark monotony of night is broken—
The mighty bridge still strides, as when first placed,
In days gone by, across the troubled waters:
And near it rises, like a denser cloud,
The ruined remnant of a monument—
The bones it covered, thine proud Adrian,
Have long since crumbled into traceless dust,
And mingled with the mouldering cement.
Yes, Cæsar, from thy foe-defying throne,
The power of death did hurl thee as another—
And tho' the weight of this vast sepulchre
Prest on thy ashes, and displayed thy pride,
Thou art no more; and o'er *thy* nothingness
This ruin of a *monument* is tottering!
Oh! it is horrible to wander round
This solitary waste, while all is dark,
And all is silent. It doth seem, in truth,
As tho' I wandered through a place of graves—
Here, as I move, I stumble o'er the last
Decaying fragment of a fallen column!
There stand the remnants of thy once proud arch,
Titus, who hear'st me not—and thine Septimius—

And thine, O Christian Constantine, which, Rome,
Delivered from a tyrant's iron grasp,
Erected to thy honour, and thy God's!
There the vast ruin of the Colliseum,
On whose stained pavement many a martyr's blood
Streamed, and inebriated cruelty.
Sunk is the majesty of pagan Rome—
Her gods in pieces, and their fanes in ruins.
I trample now upon the head of one,
Now on another's. Here the father lies,
And here the mistress of the fabled gods—
Thou who didst hurl thy brother from his throne,
Art now in dust beneath a stranger's feet—
And thou, whose car by Heaven's fair birds was
drawn,
Art now run over by the peasant's cart.
Rome, 'midst thy solitude, and 'midst thy ruins,
Thou hast one solace—if the rage of war—
The sacrilege of predatory feuds—
The shock of ages, and the power of time,
Have laid thy proudest monuments in ruin!
Still, on the summits of thy quirinal,
A throne of rock, more durable than that
Of thy famed capitol, is built for thee,
Which will defy the energies of man,
And smile triumphant o'er the wreck of worlds.

PARTING WITH ROME.

I.

'Tis morning: over Monte Pincio's height,
Aurora streaks the heavens with early light:
The gale breathes through the grove:—the pine, the
palm,
Are tinged with gold, and redolent with balm.
The bell which wakes the holy maid to prayer,
Tolls shrill and long, dying upon the ear
In distant cadence—mingling with the air.
It calls, fair *Trinita dei monti*, (say,
Ye who have heard their song at close of day,
Ye who have melted as they chanted, tell
The charm that lingers there—the holy spell!)
It calls thy inmates to their matin-shrine.
To pour their praises forth in notes divine.

II.

Pincio farewell! thy groves, thy pine, thy palm—
Where oft I've lingered as the evening calm
Spread like a mantle round thy gentle bowers,
And the sun sank behind Saint Peter's towers!
Oft have I sat me down, at twilight gray,
To watch the beautiful decline of day.

Could it decline more grandly, than behind
That dome eternal, where the mightiest mind
Shrinks with astonishment, and owns with pride
The master-work of man;—at even-tide,
What glory bursts upon that lofty dome,
The wonder of the world, the monument of Rome!

III.

Farewell that scene! ye villas scattered round
The ancient hills, beneath whose shades I found
Some peace, some solitude, some musing-time,
Some inspiration in this classic clime:
For the last time I fix my lingering view,
Borghese, on thy groves, and then—adieu!

IV.

The car is at the door: the harsh, dull scream
Of the rough *Veturino* wakes me from my dream.
The Poet's dream—Imagination's spell
Bursts like a bubble when I sigh farewell!
Yet, Rome, where'er my fate may chance to be,
Fancy shall kindle as I turn to thee.
Land of the Cæsars once—the world's own queen,
Still to be mighty as thou e'er hast been;
Religion's centre-place—the arts' abode—
The muses' throne—the chosen one of God—
Farewell!—the gate is passed—it is broad day,
And my car rattles o'er the *Æmilian* way.

FAREWELL TO EUROPE.

Europe, farewell : my home is still more dear,
Though wild her forests, and her clime severe :
What though the snow-storm drive against my cell,
And freezing blasts around my windows yell ;
Though stiff with cold the hoary oaks arise,
And clouds, deep lowering, darken all the skies ;
And though the sweeping tempest howl abroad,
And chill to stone the valley's naked clod ;
Still summer, too, there holds her flowery reign,
And pours out plenty on the teeming plain.

Full oft, faint rising from the dewy vale,
The reapers' song comes swelling on the gale ;
And oft I've past the busy ploughman by,
And heard the solitary herdsman's cry !
How blithely roved I, while the Zephyrs fanned,
Where fruit and flowers gemm'd the blooming land :
Through orchards sweet, where gathered apples,
 piled
In ruddy hillocks, like the morning smiled :
Or where the peach the loaded limb deprest,
And yellow corn its sheltered young carest.

Then farewell Europe : home is still more dear,
Though wild her forests, and her clime severe :
Waft me, old ocean, to my country's breast,
Give me to those my bosom still loves best :
With them, my harp, on wide Potomack's shore
We'll rest, and sing in peace, and part no more.

THE END.

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